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ERRATA.

In page 36, article 'The Young Whig,' read *Laocoon* instead of 'Lagoon.'

In page 69, article 'The Credit System,' third line of note, Binney's should read *Bowering's*; and in the last line of note, 'four persons' should read *six persons*.

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VOL. I.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE WORK.

CAUSES OF OPPOSITION AND VIEWS OF THE WHIGS.

At the commencement of a periodical publication, which, while it aspires to the character of a literary journal, yet professes at the same time a determination to enter into the field of party politics, and assumes to defend and maintain the opinions and principles of that portion of the people of the United States who stand opposed to the existing Administration of the Federal Government, it becomes us to exhibit in some detail the views we entertain of the distinctive objects and qualities of the Opposition to which we avow ourselves to be warmly attached. This duty we shall, without further preface, proceed to discharge.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a country, possessed of institutions in any degree liberal, where opposite political parties shall not be found. They are, indeed, the natural growth of the soil of liberty. They are the manifestation of that freedom of opinion, which of necessity involves dissent as the result of differing minds and competing interests; and of that freedom of action, by means of which every individual citizen seeks to gain ascendancy for his own convictions of the public good, and for the cause he holds dear. In proportion, therefore, as the people of a country are free, in the same proportion will they be subject to the divisions and agitations of party. If the public institutions of a nation be such as to suppress diversity of opinion, and

to prevent the free vibration of parties, that single fact is the proof of the absence of popular freedom. Under such governments, a country will either present the aspect of utter stagnation, of the hopeless stupor of souls crushed and benumbed by an all-controlling force of despotism and of hereditary casts; or the impulses of men, if indulged in any way, must be turned off into the channel of conquest and of military enterprizes; or, if neither of these conditions of things exists, and operates steadily, then there will be the alternative of discontent passing into faction, and of conspiracy bursting forth in the explosions of insurrection or civil war. It is only in governments wholly or partially free, that balanced parties, founded on diversities of opinion or interest, occur, and have full play. And, in governments thus organized, the agitations of party are to be frankly accepted, and we must accommodate ourselves to them, as the very condition of the being, the essence of the vitality, of republican institutions. It is idle to look, in a republic, for the fixedness of opinions, their tranquility, their unchangeableness. Nor would this be desirable were it attainable. We sometimes hear men complaining of this, and regretting the *movement* of our times and our country. As well might the mariner on the broad sea, with his sails spread to the sky, and the rich freight destined for his far-off home, pray for an eternal calm, in the timid apprehension of a possible tempest. There is no healing in the fountains of the political Bethesda, until the angel of Liberty comes down to disturb and quicken their waters. If we would improve, we must change; if we would change, we must agitate; and that the improvement which consists in change, and is accomplished by agitation, may be safely and successfully attained, it must be pursued through the medium of political parties, based upon known principles, each operating to check the excesses and correct the errors of the other, so as to work out that compromised equilibrium of interests, which is the true common weal.

Happily for us, while divisions of party belong to the very elemental structure of our Government, these divisions, in the United States, are confined within definite limits, and referable to certain great landmarks; being, indeed, for the most part, rather questions of measure and of policy than of organic principles. Inspect the controversies of party in Britain, or France, or Spain, for instance, and you perceive that they reach to the very foundation and organization of the government; as whether this or that dynasty shall prevail, or whether the government itself shall be a republic or a monarchy. Hence, in these countries, the aim of a party is not seldom a revolutionary one, often professedly so, still oftener in fact, though not professed. Hence, like-

wise, in such countries, the operations of a party are prone to, tend to, and frequently terminate in, the extremities of civil war; and administrations of the government maintain themselves by the application of the severest punishments to political offence, or by the summary instrument of the sword. In the administration of the government of the United States, on the other hand, it is a rare thing for any question of radical organic right to come up. There is continual question which of the parties among us is the most truly republican, which the most patriotic, which the best disposed to consult the good of the whole people; but there never is question of the fundamental change of the fabric of the government as a government; or if there be individuals who do not candidly conform their views to the democratic principles of our institutions, they are too insignificant in numbers and influence to constitute a party in the nation. *Social* changes, of one sort or another, more or less complete, are undoubtedly meditated by some persons; great *political* changes can be in the serious contemplation of none. All parties defer to the constitutional compact, from which the functions of administration are derived, and by which they are regulated. All parties admit the sovereignty of the people of the respective States. All parties recognise the right of the people to reform and remodel their political institutions; and the practical exercise of this right by the people, through the means of conventions or constituent assemblies, is a thing of daily and familiar observation among us. Nay, the right of armed revolution, as such, is the very basis of our constitutional law. And thus it happens that the perfect liberality of our political institutions, whilst it renders us the more subject to the agitations of party, and the fluctuations of opinion and of public policy, yet serves also to preserve us from those excessive vicissitudes of institutions and of men, and those bloody commotions, to which the governments of Europe are perpetually subject.

The people of the United States began their career as a nation with that great political question, which has ever since convulsed, and still continues to convulse, and so long as there is an European colony remaining in America, will never cease to convulse, the different communities of the New World,—namely, the question of independence of Europe, and of separate national existence. Our independence achieved, there followed the next great political question, of the mode in which our national existence should be organized. That was concluded by the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, under which this country has grown in prosperity and power, and has enjoyed a degree of public felicity, unparalleled in the history of

modern Christendom. Since which time, we repeat, the controversies which have divided the country are seen to be, for the most part, rather questions of measures and of policy, than of organic principle; the obvious argument and proof of which is the fact, that they have been chiefly questions *WITHIN the Constitution*.

Of the two prominent parties, which occupied the country in the early part of this period, the one seeking to give to the powers of the Federal Government more, the other less, of intensity,—the one placing the public hopes in the political functions of the Union, the other relying rather on the reserved rights of the States,—the one, apprehending danger to the common weal from the excesses of liberty, the other from the restrictions of it,—the latter, in the course of the three successive administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, had become firmly established in the possession of power. Neither of the distinguished men, who became competitors to succeed the race of Presidents sprung from the Revolution, belonged to the Federal party,—neither Mr. Crawford, nor Mr. Clay, nor Mr. Calhoun, nor Mr. Adams. Each of them was commended to the popular approbation by public services performed by him as the functionary of a Democratic Administration. Nay, it is notorious that many of the most conspicuous and most bitter of the opponents of Mr. Adams became such, purely because of his political associations with Jefferson and Madison; and that many of the same class of persons gave in their adhesion to General Jackson, simply because of his professed and supposed disregard of the old party distinctions of Federalist and Democrat. No man of honor can for a moment deny that such is the fact; or that the election of General Jackson to the office of Chief Magistrate, was materially aided by this consideration. His election was viewed by very many of the Federal party as putting an end to their exclusion from a participation in the functions of government, and as the means of their advent to power. And so it proved. There is not a branch of the public service, from the Supreme Court of the United States and the Executive Departments, down to the humblest tide-waiter on the sea-coast,—there is not a State in the Union,—which does not afford the most striking illustrations of this truth. It is familiar to the minds of every man, woman and child in the United States. In fact, the old party lines were then completely broken down. All the candidates for the Presidency being of the Democratic party, and all of them having actively shared in its measures and its responsibilities, and the question at issue being a competition of *persons* not of antagonist principles, and the aspirant, who was finally successful, General Jackson, being, though a Demo-

crat, yet professedly friendly to the Federal party, or at least regardful of its claims, there was an end of the former party organization of Federalists and Democats. From that day to this the members of those old parties have been so thoroughly blended together, some of one side and some of the other both opposing and supporting the Administration of General Jackson, that, as party names, these have ceased to retain their primary signification.

Nevertheless, in the face of these incontestable facts, it is one of the disingenuous arts of the last and the present Administration, to arrogate to itself all the historical credit of the Democratic party; and it is the chief staple of its electioneering paragraphs to load the Opposition with the imputed sins of the Federalists. When we witness this poor trick practised by men, who took a part in all the old Federalists did of exceptionable,—by men, the very ultraism of whose devotion to the Federal party caused them to join in the senseless hurrahs to the name of Jackson,—it seems to us that their ears must tingle with the burning flush of shame and self contempt at their own degradation. And it surprises us the more that men, who perpetually prattle of the intelligence of the people, and who profess to be the people's very humble servants and admirers, should betray by this conduct so low an estimate in their own hearts of the real intelligence of the people of the United States as to suppose they are to be cheated out of their senses and blinded to the most glaring facts, by incessantly ringing the changes on the party names of Federalist and Democrat. We shall consider, presently, how far the Administration has any fixed principles,—what those principles are,—and whether the Administration, or the Opposition is the truest to the rights and interests of the people and the democratic faith of the Constitution.

During the four years that Mr. Adams remained in power, the topic which most occupied the public press was the pretended corrupt coalition between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, for the present elevation of the former and the future elevation of the latter. That, it is apparent, was a *personal* not a *political* question. It answered no purpose for Mr. Clay to prove that no compact, previous understanding, or coalition, corrupt, or otherwise, had existed between himself and Mr. Adams; that the vote of himself and his friends must of necessity be given to somebody; and that Mr. Adams was, in their estimation, and under all the circumstances, the preferable candidate, especially as between Mr. Adams and General Jackson. All this availed nothing, because it was convenient to his adversaries to harp on such a theme, they well knowing how jealous the people of the United States are of their pub-

lic rights, and how instinctively averse to any corrupt barter of those rights for the sake of power. It availed nothing for another reason. The competition for the Presidency between five eminent individuals, —Mr. Adams, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Calhoun, the most popular statesmen, and General Jackson, the most popular officer, whom the late struggle with Great Britain had brought respectively into public notice,—this competition had prevented any choice by the people, and had devolved the election on the House of Representatives. The course of events brought two of these candidates, Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay, together; and these two were to be displaced by a coalition of the friends of the other three in the immediate support of General Jackson. It was very convenient, therefore, to divert the public jealousy from the latter conjunction, by imputing corrupt inducements to the former; to which end this expedient was most unsparingly employed, and not without the anticipated effect. But of course the friends of General Jackson did not content themselves with this; nor could they have succeeded in electing him, and in overcoming the grave objections to his personal character, but for the various popular grounds of public policy, upon which, in Congress and the country, they founded his pretensions. These were the declared principles of his party. They were alleged as the only sound principles of government. We are at no loss, therefore, for the means of testing the principles of his Administration and of his party. It is to be done by their own professions and their own practice. And without we enter briefly into these considerations, it is impossible we should fairly develop the principles and the views of public policy, which, so far as our observation extends, do now actuate the councils of the Opposition.

When General Jackson attained the Presidency, his Administration was pledged, either by himself personally, or by his prominent advocates, to these, among other leading ideas:

1. His friends promised that he was to serve but one term. He himself, in his first message to Congress, countenanced the idea by recommending an amendment of the Constitution to that effect. Yet when Mr. McDuffie, in pursuance of this recommendation, actually moved such an amendment, he was denounced therefor as inimical to the President. And as the period of another election came around, General Jackson was again a candidate, notwithstanding the expectations, real or imputed, which it was understood Mr. Calhoun might have had cause to entertain.

2. Although he had urged a former Administration to discountenance 'the monster party' in official appointments, yet his Administra-

tion adopted a system of proscription for opinion's sake, such as the country had never before witnessed, removing faithful public servants only to make way for his partisans, and elevating such mere partisans to office with extraordinary recklessness of personal fitness, and giving birth to the shameful doctrine that the administrative functions of this Government, instead of being public duties to be discharged for the public good, are, as Senator Marcy avowed, the mercenary spoils of party victory. According to the words of a recent article in the *New York Evening Post*,

"He made it a rule to provide for his friends, and it was impossible for a man in his situation to discriminate as to the motives of that friendship. The result was that the most sordid personal motives were in many cases considered as but devotion to the true interests of the country, and rewarded accordingly. It very shortly became a maxim to reward partisans by lucrative and honorable offices, and in an ill omened hour it was declared that 'to the victors belong the spoils'—AN ADAGE FRAUGHT WITH CORRUPTION AND ABUSE TO AN EXTENT THAT DEFIES CALCULATION."

3. General Jackson had solemnly reprobated the appointment of members of Congress to office, out of tender regard to the independence and purity of that body; had averred that the doing it would make *corruption* 'the order of the day;' and had professed that it was 'due to himself to practice what he had recommended to others.' Yet no former President ever bestowed Executive offices so lavishly on members of Congress.

4. It was one of the topics of General Jackson's inaugural address to dwell on the evils of bringing 'the patronage of the Government into conflict with the freedom of elections.' Yet it became the maxim of his Administration that the patronage of the Government was to be the 'spoils' of party zeal; it was the daily spectacle to see the custom-houses and the land offices converted into electioneering bureaus; and high officers of his Administration, to say nothing of himself the highest, did not spare their influence or their patronage in the contested elections of the various States.

5. Retrenchment of expenditures and economy of administration was another of the popular topics of the party which raised General Jackson to power. Nothing was more welcome to the public mind than this profession. How has it been verified? That aggregate expenditure in the time of Mr. Adams, which was pronounced so monstrous, amounted to *twelve* millions per annum; which, in the course of the new Administration, swelled to *thirty-six* millions. A vain attempt has been made to throw the responsibility of this upon Congress, and especially upon the Opposition in Congress. The answer to

which is plain. General Jackson's Administration had at all times a majority in the House of Representatives, and much of the time in the Senate. That majority represented his opinions. It was peculiarly devoted to his wishes and his will. Its acts were the acts of his Administration, in every fair view of political or moral responsibility. Not only has there been this enormous aggregate increase of expenditure, but no offices have been abolished, no salaries have been retrenched, and in the number of new offices created, and in the augmented salaries of others, there has been a similar total disregard of the economical professions, which heralded the opening of General Jackson's Administration.

6. 'Reform' was another of the great duties 'legibly inscribed' upon the very front of the professions of his Administration. The thing, which it was practically made to represent, to wit, the removal from office of all who did not bow the knee to Baal, provided any political partisan wanted the office, has rendered the very name a by-word of scorn, at which men smile and shrug their shoulders. Reforming out officers of one political opinion, and reforming in those of another,—this is the only kind of reform, which has been effected. There is no petty abuse of any former Administration, for which the counterpart may not be found in his; and there have been great abuses in his, of which the Post Office under its past head, and a recently discovered defalcation in the Customs, may serve as examples, which are as mountains to mole-hills, compared with any abuses of Mr. Adams' Administration.

We pause here to remark, that in the particulars we have touched upon,—and the list could easily be extended,—that, contrasting thus the declarations of an Administration of what it deems to be all important principles of public policy, with its acts in direct contravention thereto, we have abundantly satisfactory reasons to justify honest and upright men in organizing themselves into an Opposition. But other considerations, of equal importance, and of a more general and constitutional character, still remain.

We have said, the questions at issue between parties in this country, are chiefly questions *within* the Constitution. One of the cardinal doctrines of the Democratic party, and of the school of politics which Jefferson and Madison represented, was a close construction of the Constitution, and a cautious exercise of its powers, in the interest of the conservation of the rights of the States. In this consisted their character of being less *Federal* than the adverse party. It was that States Right theory, which in its original purity, as the rule of the

limitation of United States powers, as the antagonist of Federal consolidation, and as the safeguard of the rights of the States, and through them of the liberties of the individual citizen,—is one of the first elements of our political faith;—and which, though brought into discredit for a while, when perverted and exaggerated into the heresy of Nullification, is now regaining its pristine lustre. Assuming this theory as one of the tests of the *constitutional quality* of the Administration, how will it stand? Is there, in all the most Federal documents of the most Federal times, any claim of Federal power exceeding what was put forth in the Nullification Proclamation, and in the Protest against the Senate's censure of the removal of the public deposits from the United States Bank? We would appeal to any of the friends of State rights, who now support the Administration, to answer this question. We ask them to call to mind Mr. Calhoun's indignant condemnations, again and again, of those memorable papers. If there is a fact in history clearly demonstrable, it is, that in those state papers, and the acts they were issued to justify; in the withdrawal of the public deposits from the Bank; in the wholesale exercise of the power of removal from office, an implied, not an express power; in the frequent exercise of the veto; and in the general current of his Administration;—General Jackson drew more habitually and more largely upon those Federal powers, which are in derogation of the rights of the States, than either of his predecessors in the Presidency.

The Administration, it may be objected, nevertheless, gave signal evidence occasionally of its respect for the limitations of the Constitution, as in the question of internal improvements and of a national bank. We admit all the *professions* of the Administration in this matter. They were frequent enough. There never was any Administration so profuse in the *profession* of States Right and Democratic principles. But, if the acts of the Administration be carefully examined, it will be seen that the United States powers, which it sought to abridge or deny, were *such of those powers as appertain to Congress or the Judiciary*—while it was the never ceasing practice of the Administration to exert, to the utmost, all such powers, express or implied, as are of *Executive* resort; and in state papers and public measures of this class, to arrogate powers and perform acts, of the most questionable nature, beyond all precedent of any former Administration; as in the examples already cited. The general effect of this was to concentrate extraordinary power in the hands of the President; which brings us to the consideration of another peculiar trait in the political character of the Administration.

This Administration assumes to be Democratic, *par excellence*. We have animadverted upon the pretension as tested by the doctrine of State rights. There is another test of it. What is *democracy*?

A government is more or less democratic, in which the *people* (DEMO³) have more or less power, or in which the rights of the people are (constitutionally) more or less guaranteed and observed. That government is not a democracy in which the whole power resides *constitutionally* in ONE MAN, though it be exercised by him for the general good of the people. True, there may be a democracy, in which the constitutional powers of the people are for the time suspended; either by the usurpation of some ambitious citizen, which is a tyranny, or by the people having in some great emergency of public peril *destituted* themselves of their rightful power, and deposed it in the hands of one man, which is a dictatorship. The Democracies of ancient Greece furnish us with many examples of each of these conditions. Rome was permanently deprived of her liberties by the combination of the two. Examples of each occur in the brief history of republican France. But that government, in which, however equal may be the condition relatively to each other of the individuals governed, yet the powers of administration are concentrated in the hands of one man, is a pure monarchy or despotism. Illustrations of this occur in the military monarchies of the East, as in the case of Turkey, in which, if all men be equal before the law, so likewise are all men equal before the monarch. Is that a Democracy? Clearly not. It would be absurd to say so. As we proceed west into the monarchies of modern Christendom, we find in their institutions more or less of *limitations* of the power of the Executive. In Russia, these limitations may consist in the physical and personal power of the nobles, who, if they do not possess any effective constitutional control of the will of their ruler, yet, as Madame de Stael epigrammatically, but not untruly, said, possess the constitutional check of the *dagger*, and are not slow to use it against any prince, who may be disposed to rule adversely to their interests or wishes. In France or Great Britain, these checks will consist, not only of the personal influence (or powers) of privileged classes, but in the constitutional abridgment of the absolute power elsewhere exercised by the monarch, and in the transfer of a portion (more or less) of it to other functionaries elected by the people, and charged with the preservation of their rights. There, again, the power of the Executive may be *democratically* exercised; that is, it may be exercised for the general good, in the interest of the people, and to the furtherance of their rights and the ultimate augmentation of

their powers. Nevertheless, such a government, though thus democratically administered, it is plain does not constitute a Democracy.

In the United States, then, how is the word *Democracy* to be understood? Words, said Talleyrand, are things. What is the thing, which the name represents among us?

Our *institutions* are *democratic* in theory and in spirit; that is, the sovereign *rule* and power belong to the people. But there is this of peculiar in our institutions, namely, that the immediate exercise of the sovereign power of the people is in their capacity of *citizens of the several States individually*. The *Federal Government* is but a republic of associated sovereign States. For though the Government and laws of the Union act directly upon the people of the whole United States, yet the Constitution was framed by delegates of separate States, it was adopted by the several States deciding separately as sovereign States each for itself, and all its elective functionaries, without exception, are chosen by the people of the several States in *their State capacity*. The United States, therefore, are not, properly speaking, one Democracy, but rather a *Federal union of Democracies*.

Now, you shall go into one of the States of this Union, and there observe a public assemblage of a part of its inhabitants, who pass resolutions that *THEY* are the *Democracy*, and that the rest of the inhabitants are the *Aristocracy*. Does that portion of the inhabitants who are denounced as *Aristocrats*, possess any privileges, or form of power, constitutional or other, which their denouncers do not possess? No, they are all equal, in constitutional rights and in fact, except that the denouncing individuals, happening to have in their hands the patronage of the Federal Government, are more powerful and richer than those they denounce, and enjoy *exclusive privileges* of their own, and a *monopoly of those privileges*. Are these individuals, who thus resolve that themselves are the *Democracy* of the State, the *popular sovereignty* of that State? No, they are neither the people of the State, nor a majority of the people, but it may be a small minority of the people, who thus undertake to qualify the majority, and it may be the great body of the people, that is, the true popular sovereignty, as *Aristocrats*. Can this *MAJORITY* of the people of that State, who are *its true popular sovereignty*, constitute an *Aristocracy*, as compared with that *MINORITY*, who have *exactly the same rights*? The thing is impossible, the idea absurd. It may be, in the case of the State supposed, that universal suffrage obtains, that all the inhabitants are equal in the presence of the law and of the government, and that the institutions of the State, and the opinions and policy of the ruling ma-

jority in it, are more thoroughly democratic, than in any other State of the Union, or indeed any other political community on earth; and yet this ruling majority, who are in letter and in spirit the Democracy, or true sovereign people of a democratic government, are, in the quackery of party imposition, to be falsely characterised as an Aristocracy by a small *clique* of a richly endowed and exclusively privileged Federal office-holders. And it may happen, at the same time, that in some other State, the ruling party shall be a privileged class of its inhabitants, and though a majority of its voters, yet an actual minority of all its male inhabitants, and there is no such thing among them as equal rights, and yet that minority assume to call itself *THE Democracy*, not only as contradistinguished from their own immediate fellow citizens, but as contradistinguished from the ruling majority, or true democratic sovereignty, of the former State.

What are the individuals, then, who, in either of the cases put, undertake thus preposterously to resolve themselves to be the *Democracy*? Simply, and in plain English, they are the officers and partisans of the Federal Government. That, and that alone, is the *thing*, which *their name*, in *their* use of it, represents. It does not signify that which the name truly imports, the rule of a popular majority, nor rule in the interests of a popular majority; for these men are the citizens of a State, it is as the citizens of a State that they vote and resolve, and they are in both cases the minority of its inhabitants, and in one the minority of its electors or male citizens. Thus we see that this pretension of the partisans of the Administration begins in wilful blindness to the whole theory of our institutions. It forgets that we are a Republic of associated sovereign States. It proposes a *Federal* criterion of political orthodoxy. It overlooks or despises that which is the true characteristic of democracy, and the best element of liberty, in our frame of government, namely, the administration of the rights and institutions of the several States by the majority of their respective people. It proceeds upon the false assumption of the *integral national unity* of the people of the United States, since it measures the democracy of the people of each State, not by the standard of the democratical spirit of their institutions or public policy, not by the rule of majority or not in the sovereign State of which they are the citizens, and to which they primarily owe allegiance,—but by their more or less of servile adhesion to the measures, policy, and opinions of the Federal Government. It is pure unadulterated *Federalism*, in the most emphatic sense of the word. It is *consolidation* in tendency, and the beginning of consolidation in fact. There it must and will at last end.

Nay, more. This devotion to the Federal Government, which is thus wrongfully assumed, as the criterion of democratic faith, is in fact a devotion, not to the Federal Government in the aggregate, nor to the Federal Constitution, but simply and solely to the *Federal Executive*, that is, to the President of the United States. It was not so formerly. The *Federal Administration* of Washington testified on all occasions the most respectful deference to the Congress and the Judiciary, the two coordinate branches of the Federal Government. He, also, in those old *Federal* times, was chary of the assumption of personal responsibility, in opposition to the views of his constitutional advisers, and in derogation of the laws of the land. He, also, strove to be the organ and representative of the opinions of the people of the United States, rather than to presume to dictate or create those opinions of his own mere will or caprice. General Jackson changed all this. We have seen how the whole current of his policy was to depress or deny the powers of Congress, but always to augment and to fortify those of the Executive, at the expense of the Constitution, and of the rights of the people of the States. In regard to the Judiciary, his policy was notoriously and avowedly the same. Our wise forefathers were anxious to subdivide as well as to limit the supreme power, which they entrusted to the Federal Government. They gave certain specific powers to the Executive, certain specific powers to Congress, and certain specific powers to the Judiciary. To change this distribution of these powers, would be to corrupt and degrade their government. Yet this, in a considerable degree, General Jackson did. His Administration assumed to be the fountain of public opinion,—to *initiate* that opinion, not to represent or execute it,—and he to be the special Representative of the people of the United States. Hence his numerous vetoes of acts of Congress. Hence his denunciations of the Senate, which is the very keystone of the Constitution, as comprising in its body the representative sovereignty of the several States. Hence all the peculiar financial measures of his Administration; measures, introduced by him, some of them *after* formal refusals of Congress to adopt them so as to defeat its known will, others of them in advance of its anticipated refusal, and for the purpose of thus forestalling its known will. Hence, the enormous increase of the influence or indirect power of the Executive, by the system of administering the public patronage for the corrupt reward of mere partisanship or personal adulation. Hence, the introduction of a back-stair influence obtained by personal flattery of the President, and the practice of making his personal friendships and partialities a rule of appointments to office,

irrespective in many cases of the merit or qualification of the individual ; or, as the New York Evening Post has it, "the systematized adoption of partisanship as a basis of promotion ;" for, "it is not to be disguised," continues the same paper, "that this originated with General Jackson." Hence, in fine, that disgusting sycophancy and man-worship of the adherents of his Administration, in which the *man* had become everything, and the Government nothing, the love of the Constitution nothing, except as a popular text to parade occasionally for electioneering purposes. By consequence of all which, we repeat, that pretended Democracy, which consisted in prostrating all State sovereignty at the footstool of the Federal Government, did indeed go one step further, and sling down the barriers of the Constitution, not in the spirit of high deference to the majesty or supposed paramount value of the Federal Union as the aggregate and *ideal* of the national power, but rather in that of fawning humility and self-abasement before the One Man, who sate in the Presidential chair. And thus the worst ingredients and practices of hereditary governments were gathered about the White House. Such is not the Democracy, which becomes freemen and Americans. It is, at any rate, a Democracy wholly subversive of the rights and dignity of the sovereign States of the Union.

To this view of the subject, we can conceive of but one pertinent reply. It may be said by the self-styled Democracy, that they assume the policy of the Federal Government as the criterion of political orthodoxy, and undervalue that of the State to which they happen to belong, and also the fact of whether majority or minority therein, because they see or believe the policy of the Federal Government to be more democratical in its tendency than that of the particular State, and calculated, therefore, to enlarge the political privileges of the people of that State.

We answer, in the first place, that is a thing, with which the Federal Government has nothing to do. That is none of its business. That is beyond its legitimate sphere. It is not for the Federal Government to say, whether the institutions or policy of a State, or the opinions of its inhabitants, shall be more or less democratic. The Constitution guarantees to each of the States a *Republican Government* ; but it *does not prescribe the degree* in which that government shall be republican, nor enjoin or empower Congress to prescribe that *degree*. It has vested in the Federal Government certain of the original powers of the respective States. It imposes certain restrictions on the remaining powers. And it goes no further. It is no part of its mission to modify the *social character* of the people of the several

States. If the Federal Government is to enter upon a career of political, religious, and social propagandisms, if it is invested with such a mission to *democratize* and *EQUALIZE* the social condition of the inhabitants of the several States, we respectfully put it to the people of the latter to consider how such an undertaking would bear upon their peculiar institutions. But this thing is not in the charter. The Federal Government has no commission to level down or level up the political institutions or social relations or religious opinions of Massachusetts or South Carolina, of Ohio or Kentucky. That again, if it were so, would be pure consolidation, and the demolition of the separate sovereignty of the several States.

In the second place, we utterly deny the fact of the more democratic policy or tendency of the Administration. We join issue on this point. We challenge the proofs. And when we demand proofs, we do not mean to be satisfied with hollow professions, with smiling phrases, with hypocritical pretensions, the counterfeit coin of political deceit in all ages. We demand acts and facts. Does the retrenchment of profusion, does the economy of expenditure, does purity of administration, does the reform of abuses constitute Democracy? We look in vain for any of these things in the acts of the Administration. Instead of discovering them, we see every engine of corruption set in motion for the advancement of its purposes. Instead of finding in the supporters of the Administration a pure and equal Democracy, we see an Aristocracy of office-holders, enriched by the millions of the public revenue, and laboring by means of the public expenditures to perpetuate their ill-gotten and ill-used power. This is indeed an *Aristocracy of wealth and of privilege*, the only one which exists among us, and the most dangerous to the liberties of the country which could possibly be imposed upon it. In all this, we perceive the reverse of a patriotic and constitutional democratic tendency in the measures and spirit of the Administration.

We shall be pointed, perhaps, to the currency and bank question, as evidence of the democratic spirit of the Administration; for really we do not know what else of any importance it may have been accustomed to allege as *evidence* of its pretensions. Into this controversy we do not propose at the present time to enter. It is, in our estimation, a much more transitory and insignificant question, as a question of principle, than most persons are disposed to consider it. We deal with it now, only as bearing upon the point in hand; and we begin with matters of fact.

To any one who will candidly review the history of the last eight or

nine years, it will appear no easy task to say what has been, or is, the policy of the Administration upon this point. In the outset, General Jackson *himself suggested the plan of a national bank*, and expressly commended the subject to the attention of Congress. If hostility to such an institution is the criterion of Democracy, the Administration was, upon the premises, anti-democratic in spirit at that time. Next, the Administration plunged into a deadly war against the United States Bank, not because of any supposed peril to the public liberties from the use of bank-paper either by the people or by the Government, but because of the dangerous character of the Bank as a corporation. The alternative was then State banks. If a specie currency is the essence of Democracy, again the Administration was, upon the premises, anti-democratic, in spirit at that time. Next, however, came up the specie currency doctrine, and the repudiation of all banks, whether in the deposits, receipts, or payments of the Treasury. But if a hostility to all banks, and an exclusive fondness for specie currency, be the creed of Democracy, then again *the Administration is no longer Democratic*; for in his message at the present session of Congress, Mr. Van Buren elaborately disavows all such hostility to banks, and professes a disposition and a readiness to *seek their aid*, 'WHEN THE GOVERNMENT CAN ACCOMPLISH A FINANCIAL OPERATION BETTER WITH THE AID OF BANKS THAN WITHOUT;' and makes all the Faithful henceforth to know that banks are to *'be used or not in conducting the affairs of the Government, as public policy and the general interests of the Union may seem to require.'* This avowal of policy being all which the Opposition as a party have ever contended for, there is an end to any claims to peculiar Democracy on the part of the Administration, by reason of its bank or currency doctrines. For so far as regards the question of duly regulating and reforming or well-administering the banks of the country, and restricting their issues and their powers within proper limits, and of putting down monopolies, there will be found, in the ranks of the Opposition, as decided a wish to do this thoroughly, in sincerity and good faith, with proper respect for public and private rights, and in the aim of promoting the welfare, prosperity, and liberty of the people, as there is in the ranks of the Administration.

For the rest, the pretence that the banks being inimical to liberty, the persecution of them is an act of friendship to the people, is absurd in fact, and insulting to those to whom it is addressed. Banks are agents of commerce, and to be treated as such, like insurance companies, ships, canals, or railroads. They are to be governed by the laws of the land, according to the interests and the constitutional will of the

governing people, and they are to be used by men, or not used, like railroads, or insurance companies, according as the interests and tastes of men impel them or not. To denounce those who are interested in, or who choose to employ in their business, any of these agents of commerce, as Aristocrats, and to address the people as a class apart from such persons, and of hostile condition, is to address to the people of the United States an insulting falsehood, inasmuch as it assumes that we are men without industry or property, with no stake in the hedge. Language of this kind, so frequently used by the organs and advocates of the Administration, which thus likens the people of the United States to the mere serfs or hopeless laborers and *prolétaires* which abound in the impoverished and oppressed countries of Europe, libels and calumniates the people of the United States. We are not such men. Nor is it Democracy, it is, on the contrary, the very madness of Aristocracy, to address any part of the people of the United States in this style, to treat them as a class distinct from and in contrast with any other part of the people. Such addresses are sheer *humbuggery* or worse. Happily for the people of the United States we all have property, or may have it, if we choose to seek it by honest industry and enterprise, as we almost universally do, and as evinced by the general diffusion of competency and personal independence among all the free inhabitants of the Union.

Coupled with which consideration is that of the hostility and violence of the ruling party against the commerce and industry of the nation. He is no friend of the great body of the people of this country, who would curtail the profits of industry by driving away the capital which is its aliment, and diminish enterprise by breaking down the system of commercial credits, by means of which only it is that the industrious man with character and skill, but without capital, can successfully rival the possessors of capital. Such purposes of hostility to industry and commerce are, on the contrary, adverse in every respect to all the interests of the Democracy; more especially in a country which is industrial and commercial to the very core. And yet these are purposes, eminent on the very front of the peculiar policy of the Administration. Accordingly, the New York Evening Post, which we love to quote on such a theme, laments in the article heretofore cited, "*the violence of the late Administration*, and the *HOSTILE POSITION* assumed and maintained by many of its organs, up to the present time, towards the commercial class;" it confesses that another *fundamental error* of the Administration "has been the violent and ultra language that it has used on the subject of the circulating medium, and which has

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given rise to the wide-spread belief that it desired to establish a compulsory specie currency;" the belief in which "preposterous idea," it further adds, "has been rendered plausible by the *absurdities that have been echoed and re-echoed about gold and silver*, as if, in a country like ours, paper, as a medium of exchange, was not as necessary as the air we breathe."

Such has been the conduct of the Administration in these matters. Independently of all which, if we look into its general acts and measures for any consistent line of policy, or any fixed principles, which might commend it to the approbation of the country, we meet with nothing but disappointment. In regard to the currency and finances, we have seen that its course was unsteady and uncertain, characterized by violent changes and hasty impulses of rash innovation, partaking more of the effervescence of passion than of the impulses of sober statesmanship. Neither in regard to the tariff, or the public lands, or the disposition of the surplus revenue, or any other of the business questions of a domestic nature from time to time before the country, has the Administration pursued such principles of action as to give it a laudable distinctive character as such, and to disarm that Opposition which its other acts have justly awakened. Within the past year we have seen it abandoning the established policy of the country in respect of the custody of the public funds, flying in the face of all the lessons of experience, and recurring, in the business of the Treasury, to wild and empirical expedients, fraught with losses and hazards to the Treasury itself, and dangerous to the liberties of the country. And if, in some of its foreign negotiations, as with France, it has exhibited a successful energy, yet in the case of England, on the contrary, and in things of far greater moment, its policy has, from the first to the last, been quite as signally weak, concessive, and deplorably injurious to the rights and honor of the United States.

For these causes we opposed the last Administration, and do now oppose this, which claims to be its continuation as well as its successor, and to be identical with it in its public policy and its leading advisers. It has been an Opposition of principle, and an Opposition which, whenever, as may have happened, it has been half disposed out of regard to public harmony to pause in its resistance to the Administration, has been again and again inflamed and incited anew by the spectacle of some fresh assault of that Administration on the peace and welfare of the country. Such an occasion was that which ensued upon the contest between the Federal Government and the State of South Carolina. Alarmed by the prospect of danger to the

Union, the whole nation, and men of all parties, stood ready in that emergency to rally around the Administration; and when the storm had passed, they all united in rendering testimonies of respect to the Chief Magistrate, who had carried us in safety through the danger. General Jackson seized that moment to throw himself, with characteristic vehemence, into a new series of measures, perilous to freedom and derogatory to the Constitution and the laws; and the Opposition was aroused once again, to the defence of the Constitution and the laws against the usurpative acts and tendencies of the Executive, and assumed the name it now continues to bear.

The Opposition, repudiating the name of Federalist, simply because of its being an historical falsehood to apply it to them, have concurred in calling themselves *Whigs*, the opposite of which in its English use being *Tory*. One of the great English statesmen has given us an explanation of these names, as they were understood in the outset, and with slight modifications ever since,—“*THE POWER AND MAJESTY OF THE PEOPLE, an original contract, the authority and independence of Parliament, LIBERTY, exclusion, deposition,—these were ideas, associated at that time to the idea of a WHIG, and supposed by every Whig to be incommunicable and inconsistent with the idea of a Tory.*” *The power and majesty of the people; an original contract, that is, the rightful foundation of government in the consent of the governed; the authority and independence of Parliaments, that is, favor to the legislative department of Government and jealousy of the Executive; liberty, and its necessary corollary, a pure and cheap administration of government for the good of the whole people, of the MASSES; such are the great points of the Whig creed. Hence, our fathers of the Revolution called themselves Whigs. Hence, when the late President of the United States was stretching the powers of the Executive to the utmost, and encroaching upon those of Congress, and when his partisans were preaching up all the high prerogative, non-resistance, and passive obedience doctrines of the rankest toryism, then it was that the friends of the Constitution came to be truly and justly distinguished by the honorable appellation of Whigs.*

Our political school is that of the Constitution. We desire to preserve its lustre untarnished, its vigor unimpaired. We would have the abuses which have crept into the Administration of the Government reformed, its profusions checked, its corruptions exposed and punished, and its pristine purity restored. We perceive that the personal character of the late President, and the enormous increase of Federal patronage, has imparted an alarmingly dangerous degree of power to

the Federal Executive; and we would abridge those expenditures and that patronage, out of which this power springs. We desire to see Congress free, the press free, the people free, from the corrupting influences of the Federal Executive. We would see the reign of violence, rashness, empiricism, and aimless innovation, ended. We would have expelled from the high places of the nation the men who have abused the confidence of the people for selfish purposes. We would transfer the administration of the Government to purer and more patriotic hands. We would put down an Administration, which, in an hour of recklessness or passion having rushed into a career of acts of hostility to the industry of the country, has not patriotism or magnanimity enough to retrace its steps. We would see the liberty of the people promoted in all constitutional and legal ways, their prosperity advanced, and happiness, comfort, and competency, universally diffused, under the benign auspices of a just and equal Government administered for the public good. We seek to restore the diminished dignity and rights of the States. And in the advocacy of such principles, and the pursuit of such objects, and the accomplishment of such reforms in the policy and administration of the Government, we conceive that we best consult our own honor, and the permanent welfare of the Union—ESTO PERPETUA.

In conclusion we have to add that the writer of this article begs to be understood as but speaking on his own individual responsibility. Neither in those principles and opinions which he ascribes to the Opposition party, nor in those things which he omits to ascribe to them, does he desire to commit any one but himself, so far as anything herein contained, (if any such thing there be,) may be unacceptable to those with whom he co-operates in a public relation.

MISSISSIPPI.

AN EPIGRAM.

Brave State! now that the Whiggies have got her,
Of her will, no Magician can balk her,
To walk, she has ordered her Trotter,—
And to trot, will soon order her Walker!

CLEMENT FALCONER; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A YOUNG WHIG.
N. Hickman. 2 vols., 12mo. Baltimore, 1838.

A good title is every thing to a book. It answers the same purpose that a good name does to a man—and to select one for his labors generally causes the poor author more toil than the composition of a thousand pages. After he has passed through the fiery ordeal of a timid conjuration of tasteful fancies and brilliant passages, he pauses at the end, and looks round him for a christian name with which to usher his prodigy into the breathing world. How many sheets of excellent paper have been blotted by the nervous writer, flourishing out his essays at a literary baptism, and finally, after mountainous meditation, he affixes to his title page some subriquet entirely at variance with the history of his hero, or the action of the particular principle he has been illustrating. This has not been the case with our author, for he has chosen a good title to his book, and we are specially pleased with that of a "Young Whig." *A Young Whig!* Now there is something stirring and manly in this caption, that strikes us at once and with force. It reminds us of many things that are delightful and valuable in the revival. Scenes of undaunted courage rise up to the rapt imagination, and fill the heart with emotions of noble fervour. The Young Whigs! What a valuable position held they in the old revolution of seventy-six, when through the desolate snows they marched in troops, printing their glory in blood upon the plains of their country. Whigs and Tories! There is a space between these two titles that was created in principle, and has since been widened by the thunder and flash of artillery, and the declarations of unsubdued and unsullied liberty. The principles of the Republican Whigs are based upon the direct opposition to tyranny, and the true allegiance to the moral and rational usages of right and law. Whatever justice sanctifies into practice is received by that great party, (we speak now with reference to the moral history of the Whigs,) and adopted as its standard of action. They know that the world is the platform on which must take effect the creeds of men, and they feel themselves bound by their alliance, sworn to truth and right, to espouse that creed which promises the greatest good, with the strictest dependance upon the ordinances of propriety and immutable justice. The name also is full of eloquent testimony of their belief, for whenever it is breathed faith is enkindled that liberty is secure, and that law, when emanating from the shrine of Freedom, will be observed. But let those laws proceed

from the dark recesses of palaces, reeking with the blood of political martyrs, and dismal with the moans of bondage, its advocates are in arms—firm, unflinching to the death. They pledge resistance in their hearts, and inscribe upon their banners mottoes that instil courage, and cheer the herdsmen in his vales, the shepherd upon his hills, and the merchant upon the dangerous paths of the ocean. History may be consulted with safety by those who may fear that we have advanced generalisms for facts, and that of our own country in particular bears upon its “ample folds” testimony strong as holy writ. But what we have to say of the true principles of the Whigs of the present day in this country, will be better understood by the remarks we shall have to make upon the book before us. To that discussion we will then proceed at once, and with a good will and relish, that we hope will be shared by our readers.

“Clement Falconer” has made some stir, ere this, in the literary circles of the country, and the press has, in several instances, spoken critically upon its merits, but much remains for us to utter, for we are so situated as to enable us to speak from personal and positive experience upon many topics embraced in these two volumes. In Washington City a man may study wonders if he will but give his mind up to the vast machinery that continually whirls before his vision, and he can preserve his reason under the quick shiftings of the hurricane.

The author shall open the story for himself.

“CLEMENT FALCONER, was the only son of a young lawyer, who was rising rapidly to professional distinction in one of the western counties of Maryland, and who fell in a duel arising out of a dispute about the comparative merits of William Pitt and Charles James Fox, just about the time that our hero had completed the first month of his earthly existence. His mother, a lovely and blooming woman of eighteen, never smiled nor raised her head after the death of her husband, and in one month after that event, followed him, broken hearted, to the grave.

“Clem’s only relative now living, was his great uncle, Mr. Adrian Falconer, a rich and inveterate old bachelor, who lived in a commodious red brick house, and was the proprietor of two thousand acres of good limestone land, which was indifferently cultivated by about fifty slaves. To the care of this gentleman was Clem committed, with many earnest charges and affectionate entreaties by his surviving parent on her death-bed. For several months Mr. Falconer contented himself with a general attention to the wants and comforts of the little orphan, but he never took the infant in his arms, for he would as soon think, he said, of caressing a toad as a very young child. Besides, our hero was sadly given to squalling at nights, and for no other reason, that Mr. Falconer could see, than to prove the strength of his lungs.

“But Clem had one friend who watched over him with all a mother’s affection, and more than a mother’s solicitude. And this was Eleanor, or as she was familiarly called, Nelly Briggs, a rosy-checked, kind-hearted country girl, who had been his first and hitherto his only nurse, and who now literally wore him in her bosom. In the long cold nights of winter she nestled him fondly in her arms, and when he awoke,

and by his crying and fretting disturbed the whole house, Nelly would sit with him over the few embers on the hearth, for whole hours together, without a murmur or a word of impatience, until he was again quieted to repose.

"But Nelly Briggs had but a sorry time of it, in the household of the old bachelor. The principal domestic of Mr. Falconer was an ancient negro named Cato, whose great boast it was that he had lived and associated with ladies and gentlemen all his life; and never since the world began was there, in principle and practice, a more uncompromising aristocrat than the aforesaid Cato. A poor man, or the son or the daughter of a poor man, he detested in his heart. He was tall and spare, and so black that it was said a charcoal would make a white mark on his face. His grey curly hair was always well combed, his shoes shone like mirrors, and his coat and pantaloons, always consisting of the cast-offs of his master, "like a lady's loose gown, hung about him." He was, to say the truth, an exceedingly well-bred man, and would usher a guest into the parlor, or enter a room full of company, with the ease and dignity of an Indian warrior. He would take off his hat with alacrity to a *born gentleman*, while to a poor white man, a term in his vocabulary denoting all below the required standard of gentility, he never gave a civil answer. Dinah, the wife of Cato, was a bright mulatto, of some ten years younger than himself, a fat bustling body, very tidy in her person, and as far as opinions of good company went, a woman after his own heart.

"Now the family of Nelly Briggs had the misfortune to belong to the class which these stubborn exclusives denoted by the generic term of *poor folks*, and between the two she had many annoyances and mortifications to suffer. Nothing that she could do or say was sufficient to conciliate their good will, much less ensure their esteem or respect. Cato hated her because her father had not been a gentleman, and Dinah despised her for that and the additional reason that in committing the sole hope of the family to the care of Nelly Briggs, a manifest encroachment had been made upon her own lawful prerogatives. The little master, she declared, had but a poor chance of growing up to be a gentleman, after beginning the world in such low company. But Nelly had no thoughts of being driven away from her charge, whom she loved the more the longer he slept in her bosom. She continued therefore to bear with the manifold annoyances to which her situation exposed her, until Clem had completed his third year, when her good qualities, for they were many, not less than her pretty face, which was one of the sweetest in the world, won the heart of John Smith, the proprietor of a good farm, a comfortable house, and a well filled barn in the neighborhood, and she became his wife. Great were the rejoicings of Cato and Dinah, when she was gone; the latter frequently affirming that it would take her two whole years to get the *poor folks* out of the child, and Cato deemed it a fortunate circumstance that he had so soon fallen under her care, as otherwise he might have been spoiled forever."

It is hardly necessary for us to expatiate upon this picture, but deem it our province to bear testimony to its correctness both in generals and particulars. The scene is evidently laid in Washington County, Maryland. We know the rich limestone county, and "Cato" is a true specimen of the gentleman negro, reared in an ancient establishment, proud of his master and proud of himself. Let it not be said that our author has advanced the doctrine of exclusiveness and aristocracy, because he has thought proper to put into the mouth of the

naturally proud negro, proud by nature and education, sentiments so perfectly anti-locofoco, and so much in opposition to the levelling and lawless dogmas of riotous Fanny, and the cajoling and carousing disciples of that devastating school. Fanny Wright, the malign and mob-exciting organ of Administrative notions of national politics and philosophy, preaches the downfall of these old-fashioned feelings, and would rob even the "poor African" of the simple and harmless privilege of *feeling* himself, robed in his livery, superior to the meek, and humble, and virtuous white dependant of his master's family. It is this pride of place that ensures the honesty of the negro, and keeps him faithful to his master. Society, even in the humble classes, is not injured by it, while among the rich it has its invaluable effect. If it is a prejudice for good it should be encouraged; and there is as great a philosophic force in the feeling, as in the promises of glory held out to the white man, who enlists as a soldier for life in the great contest for superiority and eminence.

Clem is now sent to a village school, where he progresses in the alpha of education, and buffets his way valiantly against the petty stream of tyranny that washes but to the ankle of all boys who are the subjects of a demagogue's sway. During the halcyon period of his childhood he retains his affection for good Nelly, now married to Mr. Smith, much to the annoyance of the aristocratic Cato, who continues in the full possession of his ancient Roman hauteur. The uncle of our hero is thus described, and no eye that peruses the simple and graphic picture of an ancient gentleman, "all of the olden time," but will admit at once that the author has displayed a correct knowledge of his subject, united with a subtle and tasteful mode of delineating it.

"Mr. Falconer led a very quiet and regular life. His slaves, who had all grown up under his own paternal authority, followed pretty much their own inclinations, as to the time to sow and the time to reap. He had a good library of well-chosen books, from which he could select his own companions, either grave or gay, according to his humor, among the men of other times and ages. The *Intelligencer* came to him twice a week, and kept him advised of the occurrences of the day. His house was well filled with every species of comfort, and with a disposition naturally social, nothing prevented him from giving frequent entertainments to his friends but the dread of trouble, and the annoyance of a crowd in his house after the usual bed-time, a calamity which he could not contemplate with composure. There was, therefore, no variety in the life of Mr. Falconer. Regularly as the clock struck nine Cato made his appearance at the parlor door, with a candle in his hand, a sign which his master well understood to mean that it was time to go to bed. There were occasions, however, when Cato had business of his own on hand—a visit, perhaps, to a black friend in the neighborhood, or it might be, company to entertain in the kitchen—circumstances rendering it desirable to get his master out of the way at an early hour. At such times he would present himself with his candle as soon as it was dark, when

the old gentleman, with unsuspecting simplicity, would rise, follow him up stairs, and be put to bed two or three hours before the proper time.

"The old gentleman rose with the sun, shaved in his own room, was well brushed before entering his parlor, and regularly sat down to table with provisions enough on it for a dozen hungry people. His own standing dishes were ham and hominy. He kept his carriage, which he never entered, and a choice selection of wines, which he never tasted. The two things which he loved most in this world were his cigar and his nephew. Often, during the winter nights, when seated before a blazing fire, enjoying his Havana, with Clem at his table, preparing for his Monday's recitations—would he lay his hand upon the brown curly locks of the boy, and pressing his head back, and his face upward, pursue every lineament of his features for minutes together, then withdrawing his hand, continue smoking in silence as before. It is true, that Clem had at times put the temper of his uncle to momentary trials, as when he put the old gentleman's night-cap on the cat, or whittled pop-guns with his razors, or wrote the name of Clement Falconer, in large straggling letters, on the title pages of his costly edition of the Spectator; but it could not be expected, as his uncle remarked, that an old head should be found on young shoulders, and such offences were never remembered beyond the day of their occurrence."

It is now time for Clem to bestir himself for college, and ere he departs Mr. Falconer delivers this sage and practical advice :

"'Never tell a falsehood.'

"'Never contract a debt without knowing how you are to pay it.'

"'Never trifle with the affections of a female.'

"'Never trust yourself in the dark with a demagogue.'

"'And last of all, never get drunk.'

"'Your own good sense, and I may say, your own good breeding, will sufficiently point out to you the positive obligations of a gentleman and a man of honor.'

"'All ready !' shouted the driver.

"'Good-bye, uncle, be kind to the young dog.'

"'God bless you, my son, write when your cash is out. Spend your money like a gentleman, but never waste a dollar in gaming or debauchery. Your dog shall have fair play among us.'

"Smack went the whip, the horses sprang forward, and the lumbering vehicle rolled along over the pavement, followed by the eyes of Mr. Falconer and his assembled household, until it sunk beneath the hill, and could be seen no more."

The description of the dog Bluster, who figures throughout a part of the story, is true and natural :

"It is proper in this place, for many important reasons, and while Clem is pursuing his journey to Princeton, to acquaint the reader with some of the peculiar habits of the aforesaid young dog. Just emerging from the last stage of puppyism, one half cur, and the other half New Foundland, of a dingy white color, resembling a smoked blanket, intelligent countenance and long bushy tail, he possessed so many opposite traits of character as to have, on the whole, almost no character at all. His name—for what is a dog without a name?—was Bluster. He was, in truth, a great simpleton, and lacked good manners in the same degree that he lacked good sense. He never entered the parlor in his life that he was not driven out of it by a cane or a broom-stick. Most generally he came in at full speed, especially if it happened to be raining, and his feet in such a condition as to be unfit for the house at all. In he

would dash, however, and scamper round the room more like a whirlwind than a peaceful domestic quadruped, and then wo to every thing that stood in his way; chairs, tables, china and glass, were sure to be capsized and scattered over the floor. Sometimes he finished his gambols by springing all fours into the lap of Mr. Falconer, a freak that was doubtless intended as a proof of his affection. It was at this point, however, that the course of his joy took a turn, for if he was so fortunate as to escape the cane of Mr. Falconer, he was certain of a profusion of blows and cuffs from the servants, who always came to the rescue the moment he entered the door. Yet after all, such was the real goodness of Bluster's nature, that he would be the last being in the world to imagine the cause of such a combination against him. This came, however, from his being such a simpleton. Often, when alone in the yard, with neither dog nor boy to join his merriment, might he be seen, careering back and forth with the rapid flight of a swallow, or whirling round like a millstone, in pursuit of his own tail. He had but one natural antipathy, and that was to cats. To them he showed no quarters, and in less than one week after Clem brought him home there was not a single grimalkin to be seen about the premises.

"As a means of circumscribing his gambols within reasonable bounds, Bluster had been doomed latterly to drag a chain and block—a contrivance which he seemed unable to comprehend. But he was Clem's dog, and now that Clem was gone, Mr. Falconer determined to take Bluster under his own immediate protection, and to extend to him all the indulgence of which his nature was susceptible. The clog was removed, therefore, at once, and one fine afternoon the old gentleman took a walk, expressly that Bluster might accompany him.

"They set out upon the best possible terms, but it soon became obvious that Bluster had no conception of the deportment that was proper and becoming in a dog. Instead of trotting along the road, or ranging through the wood, according to the instinct of his species, he was continually under some strong excitement, a paroxysm of rudeness, good nature, or levity, having possession of him by turns. If Mr. Falconer caressed him his affection became too oppressive to be borne. When it became necessary to repulse him a little roughly, he would run back with his tail between his legs, seat himself in the road, and look at the old gentleman with a countenance so surprised and so void of guile, that he almost seemed to say, 'you are the last man in the world who ought to treat me thus.'"

From Bluster we return to Clem. He is now at Princeton, and soon takes a prominent stand among his fellow students. This epoch of the tale brings us to that eventful period of our history immediately preceding the election of General Jackson. There is, however, in the work, no pause taken to present to the mind of the reader the physical condition of our country ere that wonderful change was wrought in its destiny. This is a great fault in the author, for when he determined to elaborate, through the medium of romance, a cutting satire upon the result of that election of General Jackson, he should certainly have devoted at least one chapter to an illustration of the abuses that he was selected to reform, that a contrast might be drawn between his promises, the causes of those promises, and his total and despicable failure in redeeming his word, and the disappointment to the hopes of an expectant and much abused people.

John Quincy Adams had sunk like a cold and northern star from the zenith of American ambition, but he had left behind him a track of resplendent peace and active wisdom, that filled the land with light and contentment. The beams of his administration had been calm and general—he had fulfilled the ends of government, and though we are far from approving all his measures, yet we cannot deny that his rule was gentle and paternal. No violent excess, save in the Georgia difficulties, characterized his course, and then the bayonet of civil contest glittered but that peace might be brought once more amid the scenes of threatened and anticipated carnage, and however erroneous the policy of that far discussed and celebrated measure, connected with the general tenor of his conduct, we cannot but yield our belief that he was influenced by the highest patriotism, and a strict and rigid regard to the Constitution and its spirit.

The current of our pecuniary affairs revived almost miraculously while he held the reins of office, and in compliance with the laws of Congress the public debt was in a state of liquidation, the payment of which has been subsequently claimed as a merit by General Jackson, whose administration was reached by the accomplishment of that great national act of honesty, but to whom no merit was due, save for a discharge of his duty. Had he, on the contrary, failed to pay the last instalment of that "public debt" he would have had no other motive for so doing than a total defiance of the law of the land, and a desire to appropriate the funds of the public treasury to the ends of his wild, irregular, but no less well established ambition,—an ambition which did not centre in the possession of a gilded bauble called a throne, but which yearned after and actually obtained the thunderbolts of the august Jupiter of the locofoco Olympic. He handled the sceptre more like a drunken Bacchus than a cloud-controlling god. The author then has committed, in our opinion, a great error by omitting this indispensable sketch of the preceeding administration, but as we are not the apologist of Mr. Adams, nor is this the proper place, even if we were, we will not draw the reader's attention further to the subject than to remark, that while only a few officers were turned out by Mr. Adams and none for their political opinions—while the Departments were all flourishing, while every engine of diplomacy was put in action to secure to American commerce the full advantage of the West India trade, while our Navy was honored and protected, and kept in efficient service by Mr. Southard, the then Secretary of that arm of the national defence, while peace and abundance smiled around our borders, the general and sure evidences of a prosperous and well administered government,

the tempest of popular suspicion was aroused—its deep prejudices were lashed into terrific fury, and a name was hallo'd from Maine to the utmost confines of the Union, that coupled the promise of reform with the voracious hope for the spoils of victory. Therefore the contrast is wanting in the book—that important contrast by which the judgment of posterity is to be made up, and the Jury of Time come to its final opinion. That contrast is not only wanted in the volume before us, but we have never observed it elsewhere, and we do sincerely trust that ere long some pen of ability and zeal will undertake to throw the desired light and shade upon the good and genial deeds of Adams, and the dark and desperate promises of Jackson, ripened through corruption into the full fruition of open and flagrant crime.

In these volumes General Jackson is disguised under the characteristic name of General Screamer, and a graphic and spirited sketch is given of the quarrels and debates of the "college boys" upon the comparative merits of the hero and Harry Percy *alias* Henry Clay—alas that such a man should ever be dishonored with a mask—he who is ever so open, so manly, independent, and free-spoken.

Falconer is the foremost disputant in favor of Harry Percy, while Malcolm, a youth of promise, is the champion of the victor of Orleans. Several pages are devoted to scenes of college life, and we feel ourselves obliged to extract from this place two separate and exciting scenes, that will serve to show our author's power over the memory and curiosity. Our first extract will describe the frolic, the next the duel :

"A deep snow fell in January; the students, thereupon, resolved to have a sleighing frolic, and the faculty resolved, that they should have no such thing. What was to be done? The sleighing frolic was a matter of right, resting upon that best of all foundation, immemorial usage—a right handed down to them by their predecessors, and one, therefore, which it was their sacred duty to transmit, unimpaired to those who were to come after them. To submit, under such circumstances, would be to acquiesce in a manifest usurpation, a course wholly unworthy the American name. They determined, therefore, to call a meeting, that universal remedy in these United States, for every grievance, of every description, and accordingly the whole rank and file of the college assembled that same morning in the Prayer-Hall, appointed a committee, of which Mr. Clement Falconer was chairman, to wait upon the faculty, and remind them, in respectful terms, that the indulgence of one day for sleighing was an ancient custom of the institution, which the students considered themselves authorized to insist upon as a matter of right; and having thus put matters in train for action, the meeting adjourned to meet again at 11 o'clock, by which time it was believed the committee would be prepared to report. But just as the meeting was about to dissolve, the President entered the Hall, reprimanded them for their presumption, and ordered each individual forthwith to his room. Clem Falconer, as the chairman of the committee, conceiving that the defence of their proceedings had now devolved upon him, thus addressed the head of the institution :

" 'Mr. President, the present movement of the students is not meant as an act of insubordination, but as the assertion of a right which, never until now, has, under this roof, been questioned by any one.'

" 'That which you refer to as a right, young gentleman,' said the President, angrily, 'is a most idle and pernicious custom of a few years' standing, which so far, has been productive of nothing but insubordination and vice. The faculty have determined to suppress it, and in this they are supported by the trustees. I do, therefore, as President of Nassau Hall, command you all to retire to your rooms.'

" 'Mr. President,' rejoined Clem, 'we will not retire to our rooms, but will remain where we now are, until the business of our meeting is finished. Whenever you may think proper, sir, to leave us to ourselves, we shall proceed to determine what course it is becoming in us, as freemen, and the sons of freemen, to adopt in this emergency.' This speech was received with three distinct rounds of applause.'

" Messrs. Falconer, Seabrook, and Bonycastle were appointed a committee to lay their resolutions before the faculty; which duty being in due form executed, the meeting broke up, and in a few minutes thereafter, the college was silent and deserted. Squads of young gentlemen in great coats and fur caps, were seen hastening across the campus, and directing their course to the taverns and livery stables, and presently numerous sleighs, with their merry bells and merrier burthens, were darting from Princeton as from a centre of repulsion, towards every point of the compass. It happened, however, that the supply of sleighs was unequal to so great a demand, and when Falconer, with Malcolm and Robinson, appeared at the inn, where they expected to find a sleigh in readiness for them, they were informed that all the sleighs were gone. This, however, was not an occasion to be balked by trifles. They regarded a frolic of the precise sort contemplated, after what had passed, as not merely a privilege, but as a duty of paramount obligation. It may be, that their thoughts reverted to the period of the Revolution, and the times that tried men's souls; but be this as it may, it is certain that they prosecuted their search until near the close of the day, when they succeeded in chartering a *jumper*.

" Clem took the reins; the cold was intense, the wind keen and cutting, and the runners screamed aloud as they glided over the glittering snow. But their steed, after setting off gallantly, came suddenly to a dead halt, plunging and kicking fearfully.

" 'Give me the ribbands,' cried Robinson, attempting to take the reins from Clem.

" 'Give him the whip,' exclaimed Malcolm.

" 'Be quiet, fellows,' said Clem, 'I can manage him.'

" The horse made a few more bounds, first to the right, then to the left, shook his head, thrust it between his legs, and then, suddenly changing his mind, bounded forward in fine style, and conducted himself with perfect decorum as long as his services were required.

" The party with whom they were engaged for the evening, had appointed as their place of rendezvous, an inn about ten miles in the country, and thither they directed their *jumper*. The twenty merry souls who were there before them, managed to fill up the time while supper was preparing, by drinking hot-pot, apple-toddy, and a red liquid which they called wine, and playing rattle-and-snap. The gentlemen of the *jumper* were greeted on their arrival with the most affectionate enthusiasm.

" 'I said you would be here,' said Seabrook, 'but how came you? that's the question.'

" 'We came on a *jumper*. You left us nothing else.'

"A jumper! Glorious! Magnificent! Stupendous, by all that's beautiful!"

"But, Falconer, how is this?" said Bonycastle, "how did you get here, with these two contankerous screamers?"

"Who takes the name of General Aaron Screamer in vain?" demanded Robinson.

"No one," replied Bonycastle, "but if you wish my candid opinion of the man, I will accommodate you in a few words. I consider him a rough, raw-boned, back-woodsman; a horse-racing, cock-fighting, duelling, brawling, bar-room bully; and that the presentation of such a savage to occupy the chair once filled by Washington, is neither more nor less than an outrage upon the morality and decency of the nation."

"General Screamer will yet live to look down with utter scorn and contempt upon all his slanderers;" retorted Robinson, fiercely. "The people love him, and they will, in due time, scatter your infamous coalition to the winds. Your bargain and sale gentry will be prostrated forever. Your brag-playing Harry Percy, may enjoy his purchased dignity for a single season, but he will be called upon by the people, in a voice of thunder, to lay it aside, and to retire forever to the obscurity from which he sprung."

"Fellows, this is nonsense!" exclaimed Clem Falconer. "I move we have no more politics this night."

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed many voices; "agreed!" said Bonycastle; "but I will take the liberty, merely for my own private gratification, to drink this full sparkling glass to the health and happiness of Harry Percy, the unrivalled orator and statesman of the West."

"The sentiment was received and pledged with rapturous enthusiasm by two-thirds of the company. Malcolm preserving a stern silence until the applause had subsided, then filled a bumper, and inviting his Screamer friends to join him, gave the following sentiment:

"General Aaron Screamer, the hero of two wars, the unbought patriot, and better still, gentlemen," he continued, looking round with a brightening countenance, "the next President of the United States."

"And you might add," said Bonycastle, with a loud voice, "the commander who shot and shaved his own soldiers."

"That is one of those infamous coalition falsehoods which a decent man should be ashamed to repeat;" said Malcolm, darting a fiery look at Bonycastle, who returned it with cool defiance.

"I assert the fact on my own responsibility," said Bonycastle, bringing his clenched fist upon the table with a force which made the glasses rattle.

"For shame, fellows!" exclaimed Falconer, "will you convert the festivities of this occasion into a disgraceful brawl! Malcolm! Bonycastle! cease your strife. Fellows, I move that the first man who utters a word about politics, be delivered over to the tender mercies of the faculty."

"The proposition was received this time with unanimous approbation. It is worthy of remark, however, that the young gentlemen who were so nearly coming to blows about the affairs of the nation, had neither of them a right to vote at any of the elections.

"Supper was now announced, and the fellows rushed impetuously into a back room, where they found a long table set out upon a nicely sanded floor, and a feast which was more remarkable for the abundance, than the delicacy of the viands. The board literally groaned under the weight of roast-beef, roast-turkey, baked-ham,

boiled-beef, chickens boiled and baked, with a profusion of cabbages, potatoes, pickles, and apple-pies. The room was indifferently lighted with smoking tallow-candles, that required snuffing every two minutes. Every man found a seat as he best could, and then cut and carved for himself. Four were slashing at the ham, and as many at the turkeys at the same time.

"Damn it, Gibbons, you have spilt the bowl of gravy in my lap," exclaimed Still in great distress.

"Then we must even eat our turkey without gravy," said Lynch, who had just furnished his own plate with a generous allowance from the breast of that same bird.

"Who says pickle?" cried Bonycastle.

"I do," said Seabrook.

"Then help yourself my dear friend," said the other, placing the empty vessel before him.

"Waiter, some more hominy," said Robinson.

"There is no more sir."

"Then bring me some peach-brandy and honey, you rascal."

"Henderson, help my plate to a piece of turkey," said Clem.

"Pinch him off the Pope's nose," said Malcolm, and suiting the action to the word, he twisted off, with his finger and thumb, the part alluded to, and threw it on the plate.

"The din and uproar was now deafening, and Robinson, who was beginning a little potently to feel his liquor, was leaning back in his chair, crying 'waiter! waiter!' as loud as he could bawl; but that worthy had so many demands upon his services, as to be unable, for several minutes, to answer the call, which Robinson, however, continued to shout at the full strength of his lungs.

"I am here, sir," at length said the waiter, "what will you have, sir?"

"Are you there, sir? hiccup!" said Robinson.

"Yes, sir. Have anything, sir?"

"Stand behind my chair, sir, and when I take snuff, remember to sneeze, you rascal," said Robinson, the sentence being interrupted by two or more interjectional hiccups.

"The clock struck one as the sleighs came to the door. The bills were now paid amounting to precisely five dollars each, and then came the serious business of distributing the gentlemen in the sleighs to which they severally belonged, a duty which devolved on the drivers, as but few of the party could just then distinguish a sleigh from a steamboat. For more than an hour they remained in their sleighs, gliding through the streets, each man singing a different song at the full extent of his lungs, and taking special care that the dwellings of the faculty should have no cause to complain of neglect."

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"Falconer and Malcolm were now in their own room, and before their own fire. Clem, who had been upon his good behaviour all day, suddenly felt a considerable fermentation of political bile working in his bosom, and he began at once to let off his rising bitterness in sundry pointed and patriotic denunciations, against the whole Screamer faction. Malcolm was not the man to decline a dispute on that subject, so distinctly tendered him, and accordingly, as they undressed at the fire, a brisk breeze sprang up between them, which continued to blow with increasing violence after they

had got into bed. If they had been perfectly sober, we think it a clear case, that they both would have gone quietly to sleep.

"The truth is," said Clem, turning his back upon Henry, and pulling the bed-clothes closely around his shoulders, 'the truth is, General Screamer is not a gentleman. He cannot comprehend what is due from one gentleman to another.'

"He is, at least, the equal in that respect," retorted Malcolm, 'of that long-legged Kentuckian, Harry Percy; a man who has made his fortune by his tricks at cards. But Percy is consistent, for he is as much a gamester in politics as at cards and dice.'

"Malcolm, tell me honestly, when you look at the mass of your party, with that prince of blackguards, Aaron Screamer, at its head, do you never feel ashamed of the whole concern, and wish that one particular step of your life were to be taken over again.'

"The poor men are all with us, I admit," rejoined Malcolm, 'and for one, I rejoice that they are. They love Screamer, because they know him to be the friend of his country, and to have done more for it than any other citizen. I honor them as much for the motive of their choice, as for the choice itself. You have the wealth and aristocracy of the country on your side, or, if you will, the gentlemen and ladies, and you are welcome to make the most of them. They are not likely soon to be troubled with the conduct of public affairs. So be it.'

"You admit, then, that you belong to a party which is now striving to possess itself of power, in opposition to the intelligence, and I will add, the enlightened virtue, of this Union; and you congratulate yourself that things are now as they should be. Really, my good sir, at this rate you will soon be qualified for the patronage of the rabblement, at least, by the time you are old enough to enjoy it.'

"This is the poor man's country," said Henry, 'and I reverently thank God, that there is such a country and such a Government on earth.'

"Then I am to understand that gentlemen and ladies have no business on this side of the Atlantic. I marvel, sir, that you choose to consort with such people. You surely cannot be a Screamer and a gentleman both.'

"Sir, I do not understand you," said Malcolm.

"Sir, you do understand me," said Clem. 'I mean precisely what I say—that you cannot be a Screamer and a gentleman both. Now, sir, you have got it, make the most of it.'

"Mr. Falconer," said Henry, rising to a sitting posture in bed, 'I do not happen to be in the humor to submit to your insolence. Sir, I will bear this no longer.'

"Why, really, Mr. Malcolm," said Clem, bringing himself to the same posture, 'I might think you right, if I could perceive exactly how you are to help yourself.'

"Then, Mr. Falconer, I am happy in having it in my power to enlighten you. You have a good pair of pistols in your trunk; get them out. I will take one, and you the other, and we will settle this little matter across the room.'

"Your proposition, Mr. Malcolm, is so very reasonable, that to decline it would be most uncivil.'

"Thereupon the parties left their bed, and each lit his candle; Clem produced the pistols, handed one to Henry, and having searched out the powder and ball from the bottom of his trunk, each proceeded to charge his weapon in silence.

"I fear, Mr. Malcolm, we may be put to inconvenience for some one to give the word," said Clem, after he had finished loading.

"You have an alarm watch, Mr. Falconer, set the alarm two minutes ahead, and place the watch on that table," said Malcolm, in a quiet tone.

"I am much indebted to you, sir, for the suggestion. It is, indeed a happy expe-

dient,' observed Clem, who proceeded very composedly to set the alarm hand, and place the watch as desired.

"The parties now took their stations, each with his back to the wall, his candle in his left hand, his pistol ready cocked in his right, the breadth of the room between them. Neither had taken time to add one article of dress to the shirt in which he slept. And thus they stood, their weapons presented, their eyes fixed on each other, the watch ticking audibly on the table.

"The two minutes seemed marvelously long. Every instant the watch was expected to sound the alarm, but the instant passed, and the next, and the next, and still it ticked on as if no alarm was coming, or to come. The wind swept by the window with a hoarse and wailing moan, and still the watch ticked on. Their ears were becoming painfully sensitive to the sound, when suddenly the noisy little beater began to rattle. Both pistols went off at the moment. Clem was untouched, but Henry's candle dropped from his hand, and he reeled backwards against the wall. His shirt exhibited a broad stripe of red, extending down to the skirt, from which the blood dripped rapidly upon the floor. Henry's countenance was changed, the corners of his mouth were drawn upwards, and his lips adhered closely to his teeth. Clem was not prepared for such a spectacle! Springing across the room, he caught Malcolm in his arms, exclaiming, 'Malcolm, you are not badly hurt! Speak, Henry! my friend! my brother, speak to me!'

"Henry's pistol dropped on the floor as Clem took him in his arms and bore him to the bed, again imploring him to speak. At this moment the door opened, and Bonycastle and Seabrook entered.

"'Lock the door, and admit no one,' cried Clem, 'Malcolm is wounded by a pistol shot.'

"'In Heaven's name, what's the matter?' said Bonycastle.

"'It signifies nothing now, how it happened,' said Clem, 'you must both run for Dr. Whiston, with all the speed you can.'

"Without further question they both departed eagerly in quest of the physician, and Clem locked the door. Henry now spoke, and complained of great pain in his back. The ball had entered towards the front of the chest, where the wound was large and much lacerated, and Clem, with forebodings that it was mortal, suppressed his feelings as well as he could. He would have given the universe, that it had been himself instead of Henry Malcolm. Hurried steps were now heard on the stairs, and the next moment Bonycastle and Seabrook entered with the doctor, who examined the orifice, felt Malcolm's side and back, and reported that the ball had struck the point of a rib in front, and had coursed along it until it lodged against the back bone, where a slight incision with the knife, brought the scraggy piece of lead into his hand. Malcolm was, therefore pronounced to be in no danger.

"'Thank God!' exclaimed Clem, and throwing himself into a chair, he burst into tears.

"The transaction being known to a few, and those under a pledge of secrecy, it was not suspected in college that anything more was the matter with Malcolm than a cold or a fever, the consequence, most likely, of his frolic. He kept his bed, however, for two weeks, during which period Clem would permit no nurse or other attendant to enter the room. These duties to his friend he chose to discharge himself, nor could they have been discharged by any one with more kindness and solicitude than he manifested, during the whole period of Malcolm's recovery."

The length of these quotations will necessarily oblige us to be more economical hereafter.

The duel scene is well described, and we held our breath as we read it; few passages in modern novels having more of the graphic in their highest wrought pictures, than this singular affair of passion. While we are upon this point we may as well gossip a little concerning that redoubtable Knight of Orleans, who has filled, not the measure of his country's honor, for that had been filled by that first great man who rescued it from European bondage, but who has accomplished for himself an unenviable popularity among the bullies and demagogues of the Union. The story we are to tell is highly characteristic of the man, and as a precious *morceau* of history we doubt not it will be gratefully received.

A gentleman, many years ago, travelling in the western country, then comparatively but thinly inhabited, arrived one evening at a town in Tennessee. It was Sunday, and he rode up to the door of the most respectable looking house, and was upon the point of asking for lodgings, when a man, stripped to the shirt, with bloody nose and besmeared face, rushed to the portal, dragging with him half a dozen friends, who were trying to appease his wrath. His face was violently distorted, and passion seemed to have mastered him completely. After him came another person, in an equal rage, ringing defiance, while the first roared aloud his superior capacity as a man—declaring that he could whip his weight in wild cats, throwing in a bear for balance. It was General Jackson at his Sabbath amusements—that man whose party roared so loudly at Mr. Webster's Sunday speech in Baltimore, delivered amid the gaping ruin of the country, when patriotism became a religion that knew no day of rest.

One other characteristic of our hero and we have done with anecdotes. An old friend of ours, now dead, alas, a brave and bold veteran fighter of the red warrior, was, during the Seminole war—we mean *the war*, not the modern frolic-mingling of griefs and tears—an officer under General Jackson. He was vastly instrumental in stripping the laurels from the highest and most difficult trees of that morassy country, to wreath around the conqueror's brow, and excited, in no small degree, the jealousy of the General. When Arbuthnot and Ambrister appeared in *propria personæ* on the stage of American history, to enact their tragic parts, a court martial was held, which decided that they should not be hung or shot. General Jackson returned the decision of the court, and erected a new tribunal of life and death—his own word. He brow beat the court, and Arbuthnot and Ambrister were ordered, the one to be hung and the other to be shot; a tasteful and fanciful verdict, which implied a pictorial propensity in the military judge to see the effects of

the two means of death. The night on which the verdict of the law-constituted and final court was overruled by the General, our old friend was sent for by him to consult with him on the matter. Our weather-beaten acquaintance was a deep voiced, dark eyed, muscular and dauntless old soldier, blunt as truth and brave as innocence, and he sat himself down on a camp stool, the tent overhead, to listen to the questions and remarks that he expected from his commander. The conversation commenced, and of course related to the decision of the court, and the judgment of the chief. Our friend had been sent for to consult with, but he soon perceived that a storm was brewing. Their voices rang loud and harsh, and at last, the junior officer looking that redoubted chieftain in his flashing and angry eye, told him "that the blood of the innocent would be upon his head, that his country would not sustain him," &c. Jackson replied in high terms, and declared himself "independent of public opinion, that the prisoners were spies, and should die the death." What a curious spectacle—at night, these inflexible and high-tempered soldiers together, both in hot blood, both careless of life, in the solitudes of the wilderness, while the watch fires burned luridly without, bronzing the tall cypresses and evergreens, quarrelling about the execution of two fellow beings!

When our friend left his chief, it was without having yielded, and when he joined his brother officers, they eagerly pressed around him to know what the loud and angry discourse was about. They were informed, and expressed their astonishment that any subordinate officer would dare contradict the violent commander. "Did he crook his first finger?" asked they "Yes!" "Well then, as sure as the wag of the tiger's tail denotes a spring, so sure as that finger bends when gesticulating, a blow will follow." We answer for the truth of the story, so far as we heard it from the lips of our friend, and now that he is dead, poor fellow, we will assume the whole responsibility.

A man filled with the elements of selfishness, without the common prudence of a truly brave spirit,—that displays valor without the loss of honor, that conquers self, the most gallant act of humanity,—a lover of personal broils, and relentless in the pursuit of personal vengeance, was raised over the heads of many wise and patriotic men, and placed, amid the prophetic lamentations of the virtuous, upon the sacred chair, hallowed by the form of the immortal Washington. There never was a character so totally at variance with the principles of true and legitimate republicanism, elevated to the supreme command over a free people, as that of Andrew Jackson. He entered into the discharge of his official duties with a face darkened by stern and inflexible hatred to

political opponents, and he mingled the mockery of religion with the hypocritical cant of political probity. A change then took place, visible not only in the altered morals, but in the very material and physical condition of the country. Old habits were given up as ridiculous, and the wildest doctrines were broached to catch the greedy ear of partizans, and delude the land into a belief that the millenium had arrived. Strange doctors were elevated into all the pomp and circumstance of honor, and whether quack or not, their political nostrums were swallowed by a gaping and admiring people. Licence put on the celestial raiment of liberty, and law became the willing agent of civil and political corruption. These things are true—we are reminded of their solemn truth by the quick promptings of a ready recollection. Travelling then was simple and convenient, for the notes of the Bank of the United States were the medium of exchange, and bore a par value at the most distant points of the Union. The Cherokee or the Choctaw Indian knew the spread eagle perched upon a rock in the stormy ocean of jealous opinion, and the name of "N. Biddle, Pres'dt," was as powerful as the ukase of Nicholas the despot of the Siberian deserts. Even the Chinese, as he spread his tea upon the sunny soil of his immemorial land, hailed the note of the Bank of the United States as equal to his elongated coins, an inch in length, and made of silver. Political prejudices ran high, but men were free to go and enter as they liked, and no notice was taken by Government of their political opinions, and no chains rattled in the chambers of the public offices! Who dare gainsay this picture?

We have not reached that portion of this paper, where we shall find ourselves obliged to enter into the disgusting and horrible recitation of scenes and circumstances that followed in the train of the Jacksonian migration—a migration from the lowest depths of a systematized pandemonium to overturn every thing that was venerable in idea or fact, or that was valuable to the well-being of American prosperity. We have alluded to the peaceful tenor of the administration of the younger Adams, without binding ourselves to defend its faults, but with a free offering of our tribute to its many virtues, and it will be our duty, briefly, to draw the history of these wild theories that have lately burst over our heads like thunder in a cloudless sky. The web of that history is traceable through all the avenues of public opinion, by its bloody and violent complexion, and its tortuous course, winding itself around the fair form of Liberty, like the serpent that encircled in its smothering folds Laocoon and his children.

Clement Falconer now returns to his uncle's house in Maryland, and

commences the study of the law, which, after pursuing for some time, he leaves for the more exciting and captivating perusal of romances, and histories of crusades, and deeds of glorious chivalry. Like all contemplative minds, located amid the scenery of the country, he is led away by the deep promptings of enthusiastic thought, ever to be found in the dim woods and by the winding streams, and fiction with its rainbow charms, finds in him an enthusiastic votary. We cannot refrain from quoting the strong and nervous language of Mr. Crabbe, the lawyer, with whom he commenced the study of the law, upon a subject of great moment in these times of locofocoism, and equality of property among all classes, without regard to individual merit or expenditure of bodily and mental toil :

"If you are to be an exception," said Mr. Crabbe, "you will be the first in all my observation and experience. You may take the whole population of Maryland, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began the world with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State or the nation, and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has a fortune to fall back upon, will soon slacken in his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should be able to leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find that, in your instance, I shall have been mistaken."

The administration party hold that the laws now regulating property are erroneous and unjust, and that an equal apportionment of estate is requisite to meet the philosophic ends of the social system. They have declared it necessary, in full convention in the city of New York, to revolutionize the statutes of morals and of law, expressed and implied, and that "*anarchy*" is requisite to purify the diseased state of the public mind. This logic is entirely of their own making, as the case that requires it is of their own creation. They have worked up the elements of society into such a state of alarm and excitement, aided by the parallel official acts of the Executive, and of a few States, witness the *reform* in Maryland and Pennsylvania, (horrible misnomer of a correction of abuses,) until they have made madness a political characteristic of American politics, and licentiousness one of the great neces-

sities of a free government. Their cry is equal-rights and no monopolies, when at the same time they are creating a more terrific monopoly than all others—the monopoly to enact laws through the means of terror. The line is drawn now and forever between the Administration and the Whigs—a line deep as the pit of hell, and as full of terrific horror. Gradually that Administration (we class Mr. Van Buren's as a mere part of that of General Jackson, following the same plans,) has emerged from amid threatening clouds and gloomy mists into the full blaze of infernal publicity, outcries against female virtue, manly honor, and public credit.* Like two huge giants on opposite banks of a stream of blood, the one clothed in panoply of glittering steel, with lance wreathed with laurels, and banner flouting the pale blue skies of heaven; the other invested in mail black as night, begrimed with carnage, and loaded with the spoils of smouldered cities,

* *Extract from an Address delivered at Tammany Hall, City of New York, in the month of October, 1838, and afterwards published in the official organ of Government as the code of the party:*

A meeting was held at Tammany recently, at which John W. Hardenbrook presided, assisted by thirty-two Vice-Presidents and eight Secretaries, the official proceedings of which the Evening Post sanctions in the following language:

"We publish the *excellent* address and resolutions adopted on that occasion."

The address here spoken of contains the following extraordinary paragraph:

"Nor has our country any reason to fear social disorder. ANARCHY IS BUT A STATE OF TRANSITION. It cannot exist as a permanent condition of things. The very nature of man renders social order inevitable. *Even temporary confusion can occur only as a consequence to a previous infringement of the true principles of society.* All the laws of nature harmonize, and it is only when some of them are violated that convulsion ensues. *If human regulations did not produce artificial and unjust distributions of property, a state of things could never exist in which property would be endangered.* Where the avaricious few have so controlled legislation as to concentrate and perpetuate property in themselves, it is natural that they should seek to exclude from political power all who have no 'stake in society,' and that they should regard the plundered masses as hostile to such 'rights of property' and such a 'social order.' It is natural that they should distrust all whose sense of justice is not subdued by a participation in the spoil, and that they should tremble for their *iniquitous possessions* and the *system which upholds them.* But where society is constructed on just principles such apprehensions are visionary and absurd. Convulsion is the struggle of nature with disease in the body politic, and can never occur when the system is in health."

The following resolution was passed at the same meeting:

"Resolved, That the address and proceedings of this meeting be published in the Evening Post, New Era, Truth Teller, and German paper; and that the Albany Argus and Washington Globe be requested to copy the same."

Accordingly, the sentiments in the above quotation appeared in the Globe, duly and officially sanctioned by that paper, as the organ of the Government of the United States.

and face ghastly with the memory of outraged innocence, stand the two great parties on either side of this fearful chasm of opinion. The Whig principle arrayed against the destructive principle of the Administration, and armed for the fearful combat, with doctrines based upon *equal rights guarded by equal laws*. The Administration party, now and hereafter in all histories to be called the Locofoco party, brandishing forth its hideous motto to the world, "*Equal rights secured by anarchy*." We will not pause now to sketch further the probable course that will be run by these two parties, leaving it to the reader to collect himself and his friends for the combat that must necessarily ensue. These digressions are not out of place in these pages, but are necessary to the plan we have laid down, boldly to speak the truth, and to warn, and waken, and arm our slumbering friends, to a full conception of the threatening storm.

While Falconer was in the dreamy state of mind we have alluded to, he did not fail to take part in the political strife of the day. At that time an election was coming on for a member of Congress from the district in which he resided, and he attended a barbecue, where the candidates were expected to address the people. Two Screamer candidates were in the field, and as is sometimes the case, they were divided in opinion upon some special point of general politics. This created two factions, out of the Administration faction proper, and presented a fair chance for the Whigs to insert their candidate, and like the wedge of Archimedes to split the loggerheads in twain. The speeches were made, and an old Whig called upon Clement Falconer to make a reply. Crowds gathered around the youthful champion, and he was forced upon the rostrum, where he uttered truths and doctrines that confounded the factious Screamers, and eventually secured his election. It is necessary here that we should apprise the reader that Clem had fallen in love with a young lady at Saratoga Springs, a few months prior to his nomination to Congress, and had courted her but had been rejected. This is the episode to the line of the history, and is well managed by the author. As we have not much to do with the tender passion, in this department of our work, we will at once announce, that after long suffering, and some flirtation, Clement wins the beautiful Mary, and makes her the blessing of his home, but it is not till after various explanations that this delightful consummation takes place.

Falconer is now in Washington, a member of Congress, and we have reached that stage of our design when it will become us to speak of things that have been alluded to in other places, out should be pre-

served in all their degraded outline and inward colouring in these pages, making a monument of shame and outrage, at which the American people should collect wisdom and form resolutions to hurl the demon spirits who acted in them, and who are still in power, from their gloomy thrones.

"Clem Falconer being about to become an actor in the busy drama of politics at Washington, it is absolutely necessary that we should go there in advance of him, in order to a proper understanding of men and things, in that somewhat famous metropolis. It will be important, also, to detain the reader with a slight retrospect, in explanation of certain cabalistic organizations, which, originating at the centre of the republic, very soon extended their influences to its remotest extremities. Earnestly desiring, moreover, to be on terms of familiarity and friendship with the reader, we shall to that end make it a point to leave nothing dark or doubtful in the premises.

"General Aaron Screamer was now President of the United States. He was but a lad in the war of the Revolution, and had seen from the door of his parental dwelling the marchings and counter-marchings of the belligerent armies of the South. The sun of the Carolinas had warmed his youthful blood, and the stirring scenes of war, in which his boyhood was passed, gave him a decided taste for military affairs. At the age of thirty he led a body of militia against the hostile Indians, and acquired some renown as a bold and dexterous bush-fighter. When war was declared a second time against England, he was honored by his country with the commission of Major General and an independent command. He soon sought out the British army, commanded by their ablest generals, and defeated them with great slaughter. It has been said by his enemies that this brilliant victory was achieved by a fortunate blunder, but in such an opinion we do not participate: the General is fairly entitled to his laurels. We would not pluck one leaf from the green and glorious chaplet that adorns the brow of the gallant and successful soldier. In alluding therefore to the vices of the politician, we desire not to cast even a momentary shade upon the renown of the hero.

"In the political divisions of his countrymen he uniformly attached himself to the Democratic party. After his elevation to the Presidency, it was his glory to be called a farmer; all bookcraft he considered a bore, and swore vehemently that the country would be ruined by the lawyers and the Constitution, and avowed that the second section of the rules and articles of war was constitution enough for him. These doctrines were new and racy; they had also the merit of being simple and summary; and, more than all, they were energetic; they jumped with the humors of the people, and the General was elected the Chief Magistrate by a very large majority.

"General Screamer patronized the printers, and it may be said, with equal truth, that the printers patronized General Screamer. On the occasion of his inauguration they flocked to Washington from all parts of the Union. The hotels, boarding-houses, and streets were thronged with the sons of the type; it was, in very sooth, a grotesque, smirking, many-colored, and ill-assorted herd. They talked and laughed loud in the streets, stared at the equipages, elbowed the ladies, and devoured the sweetmeats at the levees. Each had his own account of services rendered to lay before the newly elected chief, and each received, in good faith, his covenanted remuneration. There were but few individuals, however, of this motley tribe, who either claimed or expected a voice in the conduct of public affairs,—the great mass being

the mere rank and file of the corps,—men who, having taken the bounty, were to have no opinions or principles of their own, but whose business it became to take such as were given to them, and the same to transmit, through their presses, unchanged, to the people.

"Of the printers who were regularly accredited among the leaders of the party, it will be sufficient for the purposes of this history to mention the most distinguished, some of whom were members of the Kitchen Cabinet.

"Amos Codfish, who enjoyed perhaps a greater share of the confidence and favor of General Screamer than any of his coadjutors, drew his first breath in the mountains of New Hampshire. He remained among his native hills until his bones grew hard enough to leave the paternal roof, when he bundled up his moveables and set forth on foot for the great West. There, in a short season, he passed through the various changes, from the humble station of a tutor in a gentleman's family, to the responsible post of editor of a party newspaper, and by degrees he became a leader among the Screamers.

"Amos was remarkable for a sanctimonious walk and carriage; he penned a libel and sung a psalm, manufactured calumny, and said grace before meal with the same christian meekness and humility. He published a devout thanksgiving for the election of General Screamer, not forgetting to enumerate the temporal advantages that must accrue therefrom to himself, his beloved wife, and dear children. But defamation was his morning sacrifice and his evening song, and as often as he succeeded in thwarting the patriotic purposes of honest men, he reverently thanked God for confounding, through his instrumentality, the schemes of the wicked and designing.

"Dabney Bear was the ostensible editor of the Universe, the official journal of the seat of government. This personage was formerly a member of Congress from the West, where he edited a party newspaper, and gave an efficient support to General Screamer. In his station of official editor he got all the printing of all the Departments, with the implied privilege of charging four prices for his work, though both Houses of Congress refused to entrust him with their public printing. Coarse in all his feelings, bold in his plans, and unscrupulous as to the means of their accomplishment, he suited exactly the taste of his patrons, and published a journal, at once the organ and the disgrace of his party.

"A worthy of some note among the printers was Elnathan Spanks, who began life in New Hampshire as a vender of books and stationery, and once walked ten miles, through a deep snow, to reclaim from a customer a pistareen which he had overpaid in the change. There was a strong dash of vulgarity in all the conceptions, as there was in the personal appearance of Spanks. He was a member of the Senate of the Union—a station immeasurably above his deserts—where, being no speaker, he read long scurrile essays to the empty seats and naked walls. In politics he was as mere a cut-throat as Marat or Robespierre.

"The printers held a meeting in the east room of the White House. The chair was occupied by Amos Codfish."

There is a great mistake in this description, and it consists in the manner and spirit in which the scenes are painted. Instead of the humorous they should have been drawn with a pen pointed by the most exalted patriotism, and flashing with indignant eloquence. The author was certainly not aware that he was singing a song of mirth in the charnal house of individual liberty, over the grave of personal honor,

and smiling amid scenes disgraced by the most brutal exercise of arbitrary and fiendish power. The histories of all republics have their shades, but they have been, generally the shades flowing from some precipitate deed of man against the remnant of rights left to the tyrant, and in the overthrow of despotisms, succeeded by the dawn of comparative liberty. Whatever of shame was mingled in the triumph of the people, proceeded more from their enthusiasm than the compact and systematized malice and oppression exerted against those who fought side by side with them in the combat. The spectacle of civil barbarity, of Gothic cruelty, was reserved to the era of the Jackson accession, and in horror, almost in agony, we draw near to the contemplation of the picture of that tremendous and wicked desolation.

The Government was looked upon as a rich camp, and the wild Bedouins of politics, men who had waded through perjuries and falsehoods to secure the election of the popular idol, hurried to the field where the victor was to sit upon his throne, and distribute to his followers the spoils of victory. The ridiculous mingled with the awful, for to the mind's eye but one dark vision arose, and that was our native and beloved country set up at auction, to be bid in by political prostitutes. We call upon those of our readers who were here at the time, to testify to the truth of what we shall now say. After the inauguration, at which promises of impartiality were made and of reform were given, men seemed to pause but for one moment to take breath. The taverns were full of the greedy—at every corner you met with a wild and haggard face, and you conjectured whether he was an office robber or a gambler, so jaded and sin-worn was the spectral countenance. Expectants of foreign missions laid upon the rugs at the taverns, and walked in the middle of the avenue, disdainful of the pavements. The story has been told before, but it will do to repeat in this place. There came among the invaders one who won, in a peculiar manner, our attention. He was a giant in height, but a child in mind, and ravenous as either. His long body cast shadows far and near, and as he walked along our streets at night, his outline, shown by the moon upon the opposite walls of houses, looked like some demon sprite that had come among us. He slept upon the rug in the reading room at Gadsby's. The bar-keepers will well remember him. He was a half student of law, and was at that time, with egregious modesty, an applicant for a secretaryship to the embassy to the Court of St. James. For weeks he was a regular attendant at the White House, urging his suit with all the eloquence that famine will inspire. He was refused gently at first, and the tall hero of Orleans stood on tip-toe to pat the colossus of impu-

dence upon the head, and bid him be of good cheer. The statue of his ambition grew while he took horizontal refreshment on his rug at night, but in the day it dwarfed and withered, until he accepted the place of porter at the Presidential palace! His genius was cramped between door-cills, and he bowed his huge head to the democratic crowds of other applicants, who swept by him for their plunder. He grew grum and quarrelsome, perhaps roguish, and was dismissed his post. We saw him afterwards looking down in the ceiling lamps of a clothing store, as calmly as if he was Alladdin, and we bought of him a pair of gaiters. How had the mighty fallen!—he was a clerk in a haberdasher's establishment? But he was an innocent, a political imbecile, serving as an avant courier of terror, to warn those clerks who had served throughout the Madison, the Monroe, and the Adams's administrations, that the elected *purifier* had entered through his ivory portals, and was sitting, not for trial, but for sentence, on his iron throne. He was but the awe-creator, the demon-clown, raised amid the wild conflict of the political elements, to "fright the souls of fearful adversaries," while there were others who walked through the Departments, and pointing to certain doors, nodded the ominous nod of dismissal and marked the name of the occupant upon a black list, the list of tyranny; and that list, when presented to the President was approved, and, without the notice of a moment, honorable, high-minded, and efficient clerks were thrown upon the cold charity of the world, and their places given over to the victors. Where was the Central Committee and the Hickory Club! Active—active and relentless. There sat that old man, in his palace, and thither went those clubs nightly with their reports. The helpless father, with his children, were doomed to destruction, and they would have erected gibbets in our public streets, on which to hang their political enemies, had that not been a deed too horrible even for them to dare. One man in particular was then all-powerful. His smile was fortune—his frown, despair. He stalked along, alone and solitary—hated, yet the object of fearful hope, and his voice, whispered in the President's ear, thrilled through the whole arteries of the Government, and shook to the earth some poor and honest clerk, who clung to his long served country for support in his old age. Terror reigned mistress of men's hearts, and Misery stood at the portals of the public offices, and hissed at the honorable as they were dismissed, and fawned around the worthless as they were inducted to office. France, in her physical despotism, during the reign of Robespierre, could not have surpassed the moral and actual shame of our affairs in those terrible

days. All the deeds of the bravo were practised save his stab, and that was directed at the fair fame of the victim.

The author has alluded to a case that excited great interest in those times, and he speaks of the individual concerned under the name of Tobias Walling. With the feelings of uttermost tenderness to the victim we advance to the brief discussion of that extraordinary politico-judicial transaction; extraordinary, when viewed in comparison with the present and past condition of the morals of the Jackson-Van Buren dynasty.

Soon after the instalment of General Jackson into the chair of power, a particular branch of the Navy Department was found to be in disorder. The occupant of the 4th Auditorship, happily for the party just entering upon reform, was discovered to be a defaulter to the Government in the sum of three thousand dollars. A defaulting opposition office-holder was an anomaly, and the present Postmaster General, then warming himself in the possession of his division of the spoils, seized with avidity upon the occurrence, and forthwith instituted suit in the Federal Court for the District of Columbia, and all the machinery of law, and appliances of political despotism, were set at work to impale the victim before the admiring gaze of a cajoled public. In vain the evidences of a life of honor were adduced upon the trial—useless the argument of a breach of trust, to be rectified in a day or so,—a wife with her children steeped in tears, eloquent in maternal and filial anguish, appealed in vain to the relentless hypocrits of office. The victim was requisite; an outcry of fraud against Mr. Adams' administration had been loudly made, and here was a fit subject on which to wreak the accumulated vengeance of a party, anxious, seemingly, for its country's good, but actually laboring to verify its assertions of the existence of fraud. There was an absolute rejoicing, a *te deum* sung by the clubs in this city, that a fellow-being had been caught in an offence, and public honors were decreed to the lucky politician who, while bringing degradation upon a whole family, folded the credit of his party in garments of enduring and perennial virtue. The trial was gone through with, and the unfortunate gentleman was doomed to an imprisonment of three years in a common jail. How the presses rang with anthems—the air re-echoed back the shout of glory, and the old crimes of the public informer were veiled in a holy mist of public adulation,—it was all for the good of the party!

Then came the thunder and flashed the lightnings of the Jove. In quick and stunning succession the heavy bolts rolled over the Departments, and troops of clerks were stricken from the public service with-

out a sigh from the stern arbiter of their fate. Trials were instituted, (how like the scenes of Gallic terror!) and in every instance mortifying and astounding to the party at large, the accused were declared innocent by impartial juries. Where, then, were the loud proclaimed frauds? Where the wilful waste of the public treasure? Where the speculations of the office-holders? It was left for that administration, which seemed to have been only established as a grand inquest for the body of the people, to verify in its own history its own accusations. Years rolled on, and the still air of night continued to resound with the lamentations of families whose support had been taken away, and whose heads had been traduced before the assembled judgment of the country. That country had heard their indictments read, had lent a greedy and voracious ear to each darkening count; but the press that published those accusatory proceedings, was dumb when their innocence was confirmed by trial. We had ears to hear, and eyes to see, but no sound proclaiming their acquittal extended to the great Democratic body; and it was believed that the frauds had been discovered, and that the "vile speculators upon the public money" were languishing in dungeons. Glory to the Administration! Is it needful here to recapitulate the frauds that were actually discovered by Whig investigating Committees of Congress, subsequent to the filling of the Departments with the servants of the great immaculate? Need we refer to the Post-office, to the Pension-office, to the robberies that grew out of the removal of the depositories? Shall we mark the flight of the receivers of the public money, that we daily read of in the public journals? The fact is, the political millenium had not arrived—the golden days had only dawned upon the face of our Union, to be succeeded by an atmosphere rife with moral desolation. Formerly, how calmly rolled on the car of State. Flowers of social peace and general happiness were wreathed around its wheels by a grateful and prosperous people—the skies were calm, and the air loaded with health, floated abroad, and strengthened the bonds of sympathy and love. An active and beautiful harmony, eloquent, almost prophetic, of a sublime destiny of national bliss, pervaded every artery of Government, and diffused an equanimity of mind and heart, at which the Almighty himself must have been pleased. But suddenly a spirit was evoked from the worse recesses of the human heart, and voices mingled in the air, that startled the reposing genius of peace from her templed sleep, and shook the recesses of her sacred shrine. War's martial blast, and blood's appealing interest, were promulgated as essentials to the Federal system; and from amid the entombed glories of Orleans, was spelled a shadow that strode with martial step through the astonished regions of the West. The giant

of popular admiration for a man, that most dangerous principle in a republican form of rule, was enlisted, and on his reeking war-horse, the conqueror of Packingham dashed to the barrier, and with his gore-stained sword, claimed despotic empire over a civil people. He was accepted; and he has played his part, leaving another to carry out his principles and plans, engendered amid a wild delusion, that flatterers, both of him and the people, have called an "honorable tribute of national gratitude," but which philosophy, the sister of history, will cite as a proof that a republican people have periodical seasons of insanity. But we are transgressing our limits.

Clem Falconer insults Amos Codfish, (*alias* Amos ———), and the consequence is, that the whole battery of the press is levelled at him. His speeches are caricatured, his private affairs made public, and, finally, the spirit of the official paper is infused into the House of Representatives, which leads him into three duels.

"Some time elapsed after Clem retired to rest, before the excitement arising from the occupations of his mind during the evening subsided. They did subside, however, and he fell into a sound sleep; and when Hungerford the next morning rapped at his door, he was still in bed. In a few minutes after, when he issued into his parlour, the Col. was busily engaged in again examining his pistols, which savage implements Jerry was regarding with a look of mingled surprise and terror. Dr. Jenkins now arrived with a box of instruments under his arm, and preparations were immediately made for a start. Clem was therefore directed to take a glass of water and a cracker, as coffee might possibly disturb his nerves. He was then well wrapped in Mackinaw blankets, one of which was reserved to lay over his lap and around his legs and feet in the carriage, the Col. declaring that no man could hold a pistol with any precision while shivering with cold. Lastly, his hands were cased in double flannel mitts, it being deemed equally important, in the management of hair-triggers, that his fingers should be kept warm and sensitive, up to the moment of taking his stand. Every thing was now in readiness for moving, and in quitting the room, Clem caught a glimpse of Jerry's countenance, and was touched to observe the tears trickling down his cheeks.

"The morning air was keen and clear, the carriage rolled away over the stony pavement, and a little before the appointed time they were upon the ground. The adversary was but a few minutes behind them. The ground was measured, the combatants stripped and conducted to their stations, and the seconds threw up for the word, which was won by Trigger. Van Zandt adjusted his limbs according to rule. Clem Falconer stood erect, resting his body firmly upon his right leg, and exposing his manly chest full front to the fire of his adversary. Trigger regarded him with evident satisfaction. The seconds moved to one side. 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' Both answered 'yes.'

"'Fire!—one—two—' The pistols made a single report, Clem stood firm, but Van staggered and fell. The ball had entered his breast below the collar-bone, and issuing through his left shoulder-blade, produced a painful though not very dangerous wound. As Clem advanced to offer his sympathies to the wounded man, it seemed very like mockery, having come so far to shoot a gentleman, to express his sorrow for having done the very thing he intended. Being, however, sincerely rejoiced to find

that the hurt of Van was neither mortal nor dangerous, he kindly assured him that such were his feelings, and the gentlemen parted with expressions of mutual regard.

"Hungerford lost no time in shutting up his principal in the carriage, and re-investing him with his blankets and mits, until Mr. Juniper's time to be favoured with an interview should arrive. That gentleman had taken means to inform himself of the time of Clem's departure from the city, and had followed on at his leisure, allowing what he supposed to be full time, for the settlement of the affair first in hand. The carriage of Van Zandt was barely out of sight, when Juniper arrived upon the ground. There being no reason for delay, the gentlemen were immediately summoned to their stations, and Juniper, who was known to be a man of coolness and courage, as he descended from the carriage, saluted, in an easy manner, Col. Hungerford and the surgeon, and then nodded slightly to Clem, who returned it in the same manner. It was observed, moreover, that Juniper took no pains to protect his vital parts by any formal arrangement of his bony members, but assuming his position rather carelessly, seemed to depend more upon measures of offence, than upon mere passive precaution. The word now fell to Hungerford. The questions were put and the word given as before. There was a perceptible space of time between the reports of the pistols, Juniper obtaining the first fire. Clem reeled and fell; the ball had entered his right hip; the blood spouted fearfully, and the doctor shook his head in answer to the eager enquiries of Hungerford. Juniper approached, extended his hand, expressed his concern in the handsomest manner, and the parties were reconciled.

"Malcolm arrived that morning, and the next day Clem's wound was pronounced extremely dangerous, though not necessarily mortal."

The author has well described the combat, though we think he might have contented himself with giving his hero only two affairs of honor at a time. It is an emphatic mode, however, adopted by the novelist, to show to what violent extremes political animosities were carried in those early days of locofocoism. The moral of the adventure is good, but rather overstrained in its literary formation; however, this is a fault that so seldom occurs in the work, that we are inclined to overlook it, attributing it to a strong impression on the author's mind, that duels in Washington, growing out of political quarrels, are of frequent occurrence.

In conclusion of Clem's history, he is married to Mary Hope, an event, as we observed before, brought about after much difficulty. We regret that we cannot quote several passages that we had marked, whereby the public would have been better able to judge of the literary capacity of our author. We shall finish this paper with a few observations on our author's genius.

He is unquestionably a man of strong and ardent feeling, and possesses capacity of no common order. There is a sly vein of humor perceptible in some of his descriptions, exceedingly droll, and though he has not indulged himself in a very ambitious attempt to describe the modern sentimental, poetical love, he has succeeded in interesting the reader very deeply in that simple, holy, and honorable affection existing between Falconer and Mary Hope.

We discover a want of polish in the author throughout the work, a want of that delicate pencil which distributes the "lights" of life, so beautifully scattered over the writings of Bulwer and our own Wilis; but this deficiency is made up by a bold, manly, and easy style, which, after all, when tastefully used, may be best adapted to the delineation of actual life.

The subject of politics is vividly if not profoundly discussed, and we exceedingly regret that our author did not feel within him those Miltonic emotions of patriotic inspiration, which enkindling, almost necessarily from his theme, would have induced him to write in a spirit fit for the great verge and domain of posterity. As it is, however natural his book may be, however eloquent, and it is not unfrequently so, it will not last very long. The loves thwarted, but successful, of Falconer and Mary, may win the warmest sympathy of the romance-loving; for the whole of that episode is too naturally conducted to be founded in aught but fact; but when the philosopher shall turn to the pages of "Clement Falconer," for instruction in its most extensive form, we doubt whether he will obtain that for which he seeks. But it seems not to have been our author's original design to do more than throw into a captivating form the memories that filled his mind, of those acts and deeds done in those times of party ferment and party madness; and after all, we may have passed our kind and friendly censure without due reflection. We would not have done so but that we were anxious for his fame, hoping that he will improve upon our hints, and in his second edition leave out the humorous account of those scenes which we, and all men who absolutely witnessed them, cannot think of without shuddering, and depict them in their true colours, ghastly as the vampire who feeds in silent night upon the heart's-breath of a sleeping child.

SCRIPTURE THEMES FOR POETRY.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

I.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

O Jesus! once on Galilee
Thy voice of power was heard,
When madly that dark-heaving sea
Through all its depths was stirr'd.

The forky lightnings Thee revealed,
 Calm, 'mid the storm's increase,
 And far above where thunders pealed,
 Was heard the whisper "PEACE!"

How drooped at once that foaming sheet
 Of waters, vex'd and wild!
 Each wave came falling at thy feet,
 Just like an humbled child.

So rages my tumultuous breast,
 So chafes my maniac will;—
 Speak! and these troubled seas shall rest,
 Speak! and the storm is still.

II.

JACOB'S WELL.

He journeyed on to Galilee,
 Unheralded by fame,
 And wearily to Jacob's Well
 The heavenly Teacher came.
 Upon that fountain's granite lip,
 He leaned, and gazed below,
 Where the cool waters gush'd and foam'd,
 And leap'd in frolic flow.

Who would have thought that weary man,
 Reclined in mean attire
 Here in Samaria, was the theme
 Of all the angel choir?
 That for this wand'rer, faint with thirst,
 Was heaven and hell at strife,—
 That he possess'd the crystal key
 Which opes the Well of Life?

Oh, when I meet, henceforth, the sad
 And humble man of care,
 Let me not scorn his presence, lest
 I weave myself a snare:
 For in that poor and broken wretch,
 By whom the dunghill's trod—
 Unerring scrutiny may spy
 A sceptred son of God.

"THE CREDIT SYSTEM."

[THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW, NO. XI. ARTICLE I.]

The circumstances which most distinguish the present age from all that have preceded it, is the rapid growth of the power of *the many*, and the steady and rapid diminution of that of *the few* who have been accustomed to govern them. In England, the passage of the Reform bill has given a near approach to a true representative government. In France, although the people at large are not, as yet, permitted to interfere in the election of representatives, they already exercise a powerful indirect influence upon the operations of the Government, and there are strong indications that they will, ere long, accomplish directly that which they do now indirectly and imperfectly. Throughout Germany they are acquiring a daily increasing influence; and in Prussia, although the forms of an absolute monarchy are still maintained, the King has deemed it necessary to conciliate them by transferring to the control of popular assemblies the regulation of local concerns. In Norway is established, under the sovereign of Sweden, one of the freest governments in the world. In other parts of Europe the progress is slow, but the march is onward; and it is not to be doubted that the many will, in every part of it, obtain the same control that is now exercised in the United States. In the words of M. de Tocqueville, we may ask, "Will the people stop, now that they have grown so strong, and their adversaries so weak?" The answer must be, that it is no longer possible.

As might naturally be expected, this transfer of power is in all cases attended by a change of measures. When government was in the hands of the few, they exercised it in the mode that was thought beneficial to themselves, without regard to the effect upon the many, who were restrained from applying their powers in the way they deemed most advantageous, by the grant of exclusive privileges. Monopolies of the most oppressive kind were established with a view to enable individuals, or the government, to tax the people. Freedom of trade, or of action, had no existence. With the increase of the popular power in England, we see a steady approach to freedom in both. The apprentice laws, and those prohibiting combinations among the workmen, have been repealed. The settlement laws have been modified. The monopoly of the East India Company has been abolished. The navigation laws have been, in a great measure, rescinded. Duties on importation have been substituted for prohibitions. In every direction

the same tendency is observed, and there is no reason to doubt that the corn laws, the church rates, and many other of the inventions by which the few have been accustomed to tax the many, will be abolished. In France, improvement is more slow, because, owing to the waste of ruinous wars, capital has increased slowly, and production is still small. Even there, however, there is a constantly increasing tendency towards freedom of trade and of action. The Prussian commercial league has abolished the restrictions upon the internal trade of a large portion of Germany, and already we see its effects in the vigorous efforts now made to increase the facility of intercommunication, the power of production, and the means of moral and physical improvement.

In nothing has the tendency of governments to assume power been more uniformly displayed than in regard to the trade of banking, and the regulation of the currency; and in nothing has been more fully displayed the tendency of such interference with the affairs of individuals, to produce irregularity and insecurity. With the increasing power of the people, we find a constantly increasing tendency on their part to assume the control of the medium by which their exchanges are to be effected, and with every such increase, we find increased regularity and security, as an examination of the past and present condition of various nations will most clearly show.

In Russia, where the Government is all in all, and the people are nothing, we find the trade of banking limited to two state banks, and that of furnishing currency, to one, which issues the paper of the Government. When first issued it was on a par with silver, but it gradually fell in value, to the ruin of the people who held it, until a paper ruble was worth but one-fourth or one-fifth of a silver one. At the present time there is no limit to the issues except the amount of demand, and there is no other value than that given to it by the annual *ukase* of the Emperor, who determines at what rate he will receive it in payment of his claims. If issued at the rate of four for one, he may refuse to receive it except at that of five to one, thus taxing the people to the extent of one-fifth of the quantity in their possession. Here is neither steadiness nor security. The other is called the Commercial Bank, and is controlled by the Government and a few individuals. It lends upon deposit of property, and upon real estate. Personal credit there is none. Even when lending upon the deposit of security, three endorsers are required, and it is necessary that each of the parties should personally acknowledge his signature at the bank. The extent of risk of forgery may be inferred from the precaution that is used to prevent it.

In Austria the Government bank issued notes to so great an extent

that it was deemed expedient, by a very short-hand process, to diminish the amount of debt to the people thus incurred. Orders were accordingly promulgated throughout the empire, amidst the roll of drums, that one florin of a new emission was to be received for five of the old ones, in all transactions, public and private, by which the holders of Government paper found themselves reduced in their fortunes to the extent of 80 per cent. Two or three years later, a further reduction took place, and those who had received five florins of new paper for twenty-five of the old, now found themselves compelled to take two of a newer emission in place of those five, so that the original holders were deprived of more than eleven-twelfths of their property. It might be supposed that after this the notes would have been maintained at par, yet considerable amounts of depreciated currency are still in circulation. Here we have government control complete, with abundance of regulation, but neither steadiness nor safety.

In Denmark the Government is the sole banker and furnisher of currency, which was issued to such an extent that a silver dollar would purchase eight or ten of those of the State. Notwithstanding this depreciation they were made a legal tender, and those who had sold their property for silver were compelled to take the amount in paper, to their utter ruin. The annuitant found himself reduced to poverty, as a hundred dollars would command no more of the necessities or comforts of life than he had been accustomed to purchase with ten or twelve. The widows and orphans, and the charitable institutions that had invested their property in Government securities, found themselves almost entirely deprived of revenue. While the Government has thus abused the credit system, it has shown the utmost anxiety to prevent the extension of credit among the people. No promissory note or bill of exchange can be granted by individuals for a longer period than eight days. Every obligation at longer date must take the form of a *bond*, subject to a heavy stamp duty upon its execution and upon every subsequent transfer. Under such circumstances it is not extraordinary that the people are poor, and likely so to remain.

In Norway, at the separation, the people assumed the control of their own affairs and established a free government. A bank was soon afterwards established, the paper of which was to be, after a certain time, redeemable in silver. Not being so redeemable, it passed for a considerable time at the rate of 190 for 100. By a course very different from that pursued in Denmark, it had been restored in 1835 to the rate of 110 for 100, and by the united action of the popular Government, and of the proprietors and managers of the bank, it was likely soon to be brought up to par. The difference between the ac-

tion of these two countries affords a very instructive lesson as to the advantage resulting from leaving to the people the management of their own affairs.

In Holland the Bank of Amsterdam was established and controlled by private individuals, but the Government abstracted its funds, and great ruin was the result. Since the restoration of peace it is again under the control of the people, and the consequence is, that there is no part of Europe that enjoys a sounder or steadier currency.

In France the Government possessed, as now in Russia, exclusive control over the currency. It was *regulated* by constantly reducing its value and passing it under a similar name, until the *livre*, originally a pound of silver, fell to be worth less than one-fifth of a dollar. So recently as 1709 the old coinage was called in and re-issued at a profit to the Government of 23 per cent., by which a tax to the same extent was levied upon the people. In 1713 the marc of silver was reduced to 28 livres. In 1716 it was raised to 40 livres; in 1720 it was raised to 82 livres. In 1716 Law's bank was established and commenced issuing its notes. In 1719 the total amount of the currency that had been furnished by it amounted to only 59 millions of livres, the consequence of which was that its credit was high throughout the kingdom. The Government seeing in the issue of bank paper a mode of obtaining supplies, converted it into a *royal* bank, of which it assumed the management, and issued paper without limit. The people were *compelled* to bring in their specie and exchange it therefor. In the following year (1720) the amount of its issues was 2,235 millions, or almost forty times as much as was in existence when the Government undertook the control of it. An edict was then issued reducing it one half, and the consequence was that it immediately lost all value. The people were ruined. The Government had obtained the means of support by plundering them of their property. During the Revolution the Government filled the circulation with paper money, which soon became so worthless that a man might starve for want of a dinner, while nominally possessing millions. So entire was the destruction of confidence in Government money, resulting from these repeated violations of faith, that at the reorganization that took place under Napoleon, it was deemed necessary to divide the control of the currency with a portion of the people, associated for the formation of the Bank of France. Since that time there has been a constantly increasing tendency to steadiness and safety, but it is still exceedingly imperfect, owing to the monopoly granted to that institution. The irregularity resulting in previous times from the action of the Government is now produced by the few

persons who control the operations of the bank, but in a comparatively small degree. Thus we find it in 1826 making loans to the extent of 689 millions, by which the value of the currency was depreciated. In 1832 we find the loans diminished to 151 millions, and the people obliged to pay their debts in a medium much more valuable than they had contracted to furnish. In 1836 we find it loaning 760 millions, and thus again causing a depreciation. These variations are, it is true, trivial when compared with those of Government paper, but are much greater than would occur did the people at large exercise the powers now limited to a few. In the new banking establishment of M. Lafitte we see evidence of their disposition to assume the management of their own affairs. That institution, although prohibited from issuing bank notes payable on demand, is about to supply currency in the form of drafts at one day's sight, and will thus limit the power of both the bank and the Government over the property and actions of individuals.

In England the Government *regulated* the currency in a manner very similar to what we have seen to have been done in France. The pound sterling was, by successive monarchs, gradually reduced in value, at the cost of their subjects. Under Henry VIII. the coin was so debased and so much diminished in weight, that the operations of the country were in a state of inextricable confusion. Under Edward VI. the pound was raised from 230 to 1,684 grains, to the ruin of those of the people who had debts to pay. Elizabeth raised it, and again depressed it to the present standard. Charles I. plundered the mint, then used as a *bank of deposit*. Charles II. shut up the exchequer, to the ruin of the bankers whose funds were deposited therein. At the time of the revolution, the current coin was so diminished in weight that £100, which should have weighed 32 lbs., rarely exceeded from 14 to 18 lbs. The only other medium of exchange provided by the Government consisted of exchequer tallies, which were commonly at a discount of 50 per cent. In 1694 we find the Government associating the people with it in the regulation of the currency. The Bank of England was then established under the control of merchants, with power to issue its notes. It, however, refused to do so, or to come under any obligation to furnish gold, until that in circulation should be brought up to the standard, which was accordingly done. From that time to the present there has been no limitation of the right of individuals to issue their notes to be used as currency, but no company or association, the members of which exceeded six in number, was permitted so to do. With the constantly increasing control of the people over the currency,

we find a constantly increasing steadiness in its value, until, in 1793, the Government, alarmed at the progress of the people of France, and anxious to retain its power, commenced the war which was finally terminated by the battle of Waterloo. The immediate effect of that interference with the arrangements of the people engaged in banking and other trades, was a vast amount of loss and ruin. The bankruptcies of merchants and others, which, in the three previous years had averaged 816, now rose to 1,956, and those of bankers, which, in those three years had amounted to only two, now rose to 23. Here we find, as in all other cases, the people suffering from the exercise of the power of the Government. The Bank of England, notwithstanding the vast drains upon it for the support of the war, was enabled to maintain its credit until 1797, when the enormous demands of the Government for the purpose of subsidizing the continental powers, and the destruction of confidence produced by a threatened invasion, compelled it to suspend the payment of its notes. For some time subsequently thereto, all its operations were regulated by the desire to resume payment, and in 1799 it announced its intention to pay cash for its one and two pound notes, and for all sums under £5; and there can be no doubt that there would have been a general resumption, had the Government not interfered to prevent it. It did interfere, and thereby the suspension was prolonged until long after the close of the war. Peace has now existed twenty-three years, and during that time we have seen a great approach to freedom of banking, attended with increased steadiness of the currency. The events of 1825 served to show the disadvantages resulting from the limitation of the right of associating for that purpose, and many of the restrictions were then repealed. At a distance of sixty-five miles from London, individuals or associations may now bank, and may furnish currency, and the beneficial effect of this extension of the popular power is seen in the increased security of banks, and increased confidence in their ability to comply with their engagements. There still remain many restrictions, but there is little reason to doubt that they will speedily be abolished, leaving all men free to use their capital, and to trade or bank, in their own way.

In Scotland, there have been no restrictions upon the right of association, nor upon that of furnishing currency, but the exercise of the right of trading upon the footing of the limited liability of the partners, has been confined to two institutions. In consequence of being more free than England, the currency of that country has been less subject to fluctuations, but the restraints imposed by the law of partnership prevents it from attaining the steadiness that is to be desired. In no

part of Europe have the people exercised so much power over the currency, and in none have they enjoyed one combining so much the advantages of steadiness and cheapness.

In the United States, the Government issued its paper, which speedily fell so much in value that a small fortune was requisite to pay for a week's subsistence. The necessity for calling in the aid of the people for the maintenance of a sound currency was soon experienced, and the Bank of North America was established. From that time to the present, although the State governments have always asserted the right to control the trade in money, there has been a constantly increasing tendency to relinquishment of its exercise, and we find that tendency greatest where, in all other respects, the system is most democratic. In Georgia and South Carolina, where democracy least exists, the power is granted to a very limited number of persons, and the government imposes numerous restraints upon it. In Pennsylvania it is more extensively distributed among the people, but the government grants the *privilege* of banking in exchange for large sums paid into the treasury. In New England, the *right* of the people to bank, and to furnish currency, is generally admitted. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island, under a general law, imposing some restrictions that we deem both unnecessary and disadvantageous, almost every man, or set of men, may now obtain a grant of the powers necessary therefor, and the consequence has been a greater degree of steadiness than has existed in any other part of the world.* New York has now gone further, and has

* In Rhode Island, in January 1837, almost every village had its little bank, or money shop. The whole number was 62, and the population in 1830 having been 97,000, there was consequently more than one for every 2,000 persons. To show how steady has been their action before and during the late storm, we give the following statement, viz :

Their capital amounted to	\$9,837,000
Surplus profit,	380,000
Deposites on interest,	600,000

10,817,000

And their investments to 13,765,000

Being an excess of only 27 per cent.

They have resumed payments and the following was the state of their affairs in November, 1838 :

Capital.	\$9,864,000
Surplus profits,	505,000
Deposites on interest,	590,000

\$10,959,000

Loans and investments of all descriptions, bearing interest, 13,328,000

The excess of loans is only 2,369,000 dollars, or about twenty-three per cent. The consequence of this very small excess has been that in the two last extraordinary years they have been obliged to diminish them only \$437,000, or about three per cent.

passed a general law, under which all may associate for banking purposes, and for the supply of currency, without application to the legislature, so that the people of that State have now obtained almost entire freedom in regard to the trade in money. We say almost, because, even in that law, there are regulations that will tend to prevent the action under it from being as advantageous as it would otherwise be.†

To show how generally is enjoyed the power of banking in New England, we give the following list of the persons exercising that right in two of the States :

Six of the banks in New Hampshire, comprising an aggregate of 11,045 shares, are owned by

Females,	2,438
Mechanics,	673
Farmers and Labourers,	1,245
Saving's banks,	1,013
Guardians,	630
Estates,	307
Charitable institutions,	548
Corporations and State,	157
Government officers,	438
Mariners,	434
Merchants,	2,036
Traders,	191
Lawyers,	377
Physicians,	338
Clergymen,	220

11,043

Six others were found to be divided in nearly a similar manner.

In Massachusetts, stock was recently held by

Females, to the amount of	\$3,834,011
Trustees,	2,625,616
Guardians,	588,045
Savings institutions,	2,255,554
Executors and administrators,	692,519

\$9,995,745

† We would call the attention of our readers particularly to the fact, that in the *Whig States* of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, the people exercise more complete control over the currency than in any others; and that, while the party that styles itself *Democratic* has been, throughout the Union, exhausting its ingenuity to devise restrictions, the triumph of the *Whigs* in New York was signalized by relinquishing to the people the almost unrestrained exercise of the right of banking and of furnishing currency. The people have, in the recent elections, testified their approbation of the course pursued by their Representatives.

Here we find the youthful and the aged—the merchant and the mechanic—the labourer and the capitalist—all exercising a right that in Russia and Austria is limited to the Government—in France to the Bank of France—and in Georgia to the few proprietors to whom it is granted as a privilege, and as is universally the case, with the increase of popular power, we find increased steadiness in the value of the currency. In the first, the profits of banking, and those resulting from furnishing currency, are monopolized by the sovereigns. In France they are monopolized by the few individuals associated in the formation of the bank. In England they are still, in a great degree, limited to the “men of rank and fortune,” whose names tend to give to the people confidence in the stability of banks that do a large business upon a small capital. In New England we find them enjoyed even by those very small capitalists whose means, too limited for the purchase of even a single share in a bank, are depositing in savings institutions, and by them invested in bank and other stocks. The largest capitalist in Massachusetts enjoys no advantage in relation to banks and currency that is not shared with him by the smallest depositor in those institutions. *This is true Democracy!*

The Federal Government has, until recently, exercised no other control over banks or banking than that which has resulted from permitting a portion of the people, associated for the creation of a Bank of the United States, to exercise throughout the Union the same rights that are now, as we have seen, freely exercised in New England by the people at large, and in other States by certain portions thereof, to whom, as yet, the legislatures have been disposed to limit it. Within the last ten years there has been a daily increasing disposition to increase that control, and the necessary consequence has been diminished steadiness. The failures* of banks in Massachusetts, in a single year, since this assumption of power, have been far more numerous and destructive than those of the previous twenty-five years, embracing the period of embargoes, non-intercourse, war, the revulsion of 1817 and 1818, and the great year of speculation, 1825.

The steady increase in the power of the many, that we have here exhibited, being necessarily accompanied by a diminution in the power of the few, has not been accomplished without determined opposition on the part of the latter. In France, the few who control the Government have imposed restraints upon the right of discussion by the many. In England, the few who enjoyed the monopoly of the China

* We refer here only to those cases in which there has been actual bankruptcy, and not to the mere suspension of payment in 1837.

trade—those who now enjoy a monopoly of the privilege of banking, upon the principle of limited liability—those who have a monopoly of the supply of corn—those who believed themselves benefited by the restraints of navigation laws—have opposed, and do oppose, the extension of the popular rights. The few who are interested in the maintenance of the existing system are those who have heretofore controlled the action of the Government, and they desire the continuance of its power. The many desire to see its powers diminished, and trade and the currency released from the shackles which have heretofore been imposed upon them.

Throughout Europe we find those who govern fully occupied in the endeavor to retain the power which still remains, and it was left for the United States to exhibit a Government endeavoring to wrest from the people the exercise of powers long enjoyed by them. Desirous of obtaining a control over the currency similar to that of the sovereigns of continental Europe, it has now been, for many years past, engaged in a systematic attempt to break down the existing system. The manner in which that attempt has been prosecuted is worthy of particular attention, as showing how gradually, and almost insensibly, the liberties of the people may be subverted.

In the first message of President Jackson it was suggested that doubts existed as to the power of the Government to permit individuals to exercise banking privileges throughout the United States, and that it might be more advantageous to have a *State institution* based upon the public revenue. Here we find a disposition to imitate the system of Russia and Austria. In the veto message it was again doubted if any advantage could result from leaving this power in the hands of "private individuals." Next came an assertion of the right to an exclusive control over the public funds, which were withdrawn from the place in which they were deposited by law, to be divided among numerous small institutions, selected by the officers of the Government, and retaining the deposits at their pleasure. Connected with this we find an attempt to obtain, throughout the Union, the passage of laws restraining the people from using notes of certain denominations, and compelling them to substitute therefor gold and silver.* To accomplish

* To prohibit, by law, the people from using notes of one or of five dollars, is as absurd as to interdict them from making railroads of less than a certain length. Every farmer that desires to have such a road will calculate whether the saving will be equal to the cost of making it, and of obtaining cars, &c., and he will not incur the expense, unless it can be shown to be so. The people will not use bank notes in place of silver, unless they can be satisfied that the gain on one hand is equal to the cost on the other. Roads and currency are both to facilitate exchanges, and the people are perfectly competent to determine what kind of roads, and what description of currency will best answer their purposes.

this object the standard is changed, and the gold coin diminished in weight. Next we find a prohibition of the receipt of bank notes in certain payments to the Government, which refuses to receive any thing as money but the silver or gold coin, or paper, issued by itself. The obvious effect of these measures was to diminish the confidence of the people in their own institutions, and to throw back upon them the notes which they had in circulation. The blow thus struck was followed up by measures which compelled them to suspend payment. The Government had now obtained the exclusive control of the public funds, and we find immediately a further development of the system. The Secretary of the Treasury desires to be authorized to deal in the public funds of the States, and gently insinuates that the domestic exchanges may be aided by transfers of the revenue, obviously desiring that his officers may be permitted to buy and sell bills of exchange; the Postmaster General desires to have his deputies employed by the people as agents for the transmission of money; and a distinguished advocate of the extension of Executive power over the currency, proposes the establishment of an office for the issue of Government paper money. To nearly all of these measures, in turn, the Representatives of the people opposed the most determined resistance, but, for some time, each in succession was carried into operation by the aid of Executive mandates, until the broad proposition to place the whole revenue, and the supply of currency, under the control of the Treasury and its agents, compelled the people themselves to interfere, and to displace many of those who had been most active in the extension of the system. Notwithstanding this, so greatly had the abettors of the scheme been elated by the success of their previous measures, that when recently it was finally rejected by Congress, it was insolently declared that the Government would retain all the powers it had thus wrested from the people "in spite of the lamentations" of themselves or their Representatives. Recent events have, however, shown that the people still retain sufficient power to punish their unfaithful agents. By an exertion of that power the author of this threat has been reduced to his original insignificance.

If we now look back to the condition of affairs ten years since, and compare the then absence of interference, and the gradual tendency to a sound and steady currency, with the situation to which we have since been reduced by the attempt of the Government to imitate the system of Russia, Austria and France, we cannot but be surprised at the increase of Executive power, and the constant tendency thereof to produce unsteadiness in the currency, and loss and ruin to the people.

Fortunately their eyes are opened, and we may now look to see their servants compelled to diminish their pretensions.

The article to which we desire to call the attention of our readers, professes to be a review of a pamphlet by Mr. H. C. Carey, on the Credit System in France, Great Britain, and the United States, the object of which is to show that the steadiness and security of the currency are in the direct ratio in which the people are free to exercise the trade of banking, and the right of furnishing currency—that the unsteadiness and insecurity that have existed, have been the result of the interference of governments therewith,—and that the remedy therefor was to be found in the abolition of restrictions. This doctrine might, we should have supposed, find some favor in a *Democratic* review, but in this case, as was said by Talleyrand on another occasion, words are employed only to conceal thoughts. The *Democratic Review* is the advocate of an extension of the power of government over the currency, and of a diminution of the power of the people. It looks with great favor upon the system of France, in which the King and his ministers control all the operations of the nation, and with evident dislike upon any doctrine tending to limit the powers of those who are charged with the administration of the Government. The views offered by Mr. Carey being in accordance with experience throughout the world, they were found, apparently, difficult to refute, and therefore it became necessary to misrepresent them, which has been done so effectually that in scarcely a solitary instance is there an honest reference thereto. That our readers may judge for themselves, we offer them the following cases as specimens:

Mr. Carey says that freedom in the application of capital to banking tends to limit the power of bankers to expand their loans, or to make large dividends, and thereby prevents the necessity for contractions, by which the security of property is impaired. The reviewer says, "the ground assumed is, that whenever the banks are able to issue the greatest quantity of paper currency, and make the largest dividends, the security of property is greatest." Mr. Carey says that when confidence is diminished the currency is enlarged with a diminution of prices, and that the restoration of confidence tends to diminish the quantity of currency at the same time that prices rise. The reviewer desires to have his readers believe that it is asserted that prices *always* rise in proportion to the scarcity of currency. Mr. Carey gave a statement, nearly according with that of Mr. Gallatin, of the failures of banks in New England from 1811 to 1836, showing that they had been few in number, and that the loss of the public thereby

had been small. The reviewer *asserts*, in direct opposition to the truth, that "in *no part of the Union* of similar extent were they, during the first half of the period referred to, so numerous and so destructive to the security of the ordinary intercourse between man and man." It must be in the recollection of every reader of this article that, in the period referred to by the reviewer, every bank south of New England stopped payment, and that many of them never resumed it, while those of New England rode out the storm.

Mr. Carey advocates free trade in banking and currency. The Bank of the United States has always been charged with a desire to monopolize the privilege of banking and of furnishing currency, yet it is asserted that his pamphlet was gotten up at the instigation and to serve the cause of the Bank.

Mr. Carey says that when banking is free the amount of currency in all its forms is diminished, and that the *proportion* of specie required for the performance of exchanges is diminished, and adduces in proof thereof the operations of New England. The reviewer says "the small amount of specie held by them and their issues of small notes, are represented to be the sole causes of the prosperity of that section of the Union."

Mr. Carey states that "the foreign trade of France has been in a great measure destroyed by fraud in the preparation of commodities for exportation," and gives as authority for this assertion, M. Chevalier, who states it from his own knowledge, and adduces in support of his assertion the report of the Captain of the French discovery-ship Favorite. The reviewer says that the statement "is based by Mr. Carey upon his own authority."

Mr. Carey frequently refers to M. Chevalier as authority, and the reviewer finds it necessary to disparage the character of that gentleman, by classing him with a race of letter writers, "by whom," he says, "our own newspaper press has been so much injured from their habitual libels upon truth and decency." This same M. Chevalier, in reward for the services rendered to his country by the publication of his work, has been made Counsellor of State, and yet the reviewer deems him insufficient authority for facts in relation to his own country.

The reviewer is of opinion that Mr. Carey has "not had the slightest regard for the accuracy of his facts," yet he has not ventured, in a single instance, to attempt to *disprove* them. We may now, we think, venture to say that the reviewer himself has not had the slightest regard for honesty in his quotations or statements. This is, doubtless,

to be attributed to the difficulties attendant upon defending a cause that will not bear the light of truth.

That our readers may judge of the accuracy of his own facts and the nature of his opinion, we shall now offer some specimens :

As Great Britain is the country in which confidence exists more generally than in any other part of Europe, and in which men consequently more freely give credit to their neighbors, whether in parting with merchandize to be paid for at a future time, or in receiving and using the notes of banks or of individuals in lieu of specie, it was desirable to show them reduced thereby to a state of poverty, and accordingly, the reviewer informs us that "the population of Great Britain and Ireland are now reduced to a condition far more deplorable than the serfs of Poland and Russia."

We have before us a report from the Commissioners on the revision of the poor laws, in which we find answers from 856 parishes to the question "what might be earned by a laborer, his wife, and four children aged 14, 11, 8, and 5 years?"

	£.	s.	d.
856 parishes give for the man an average of	27	17	10
688 do do for wife and children -	13	19	10
	<hr/>		
	£41	17	8

being equal to \$201 04 for the support of an agricultural laborer and his family. This sum does not yield him the same comforts that could be obtained with a similar amount in this country, because food is much dearer, but, on the other hand, he has clothing and house rent much cheaper. A careful examination of the condition of the laborers of England and of the United States, would satisfy the reader that the difference in the reward of their services does not exceed 15 per cent., yet it suits the purposes of the reviewer to inform us of their "degraded condition."

On the other hand, as France is the country in which, in consequence of repeated acts of bankruptcy by the State, and a condition of almost perpetual war, little confidence exists, and men use gold and silver in their transactions, or hoard it, because afraid to invest it in banks, or railroads, the reviewer takes great care to inform us of the "general improvement of condition." It is not to be doubted that their condition has greatly improved; but what is it as now improved? As the reviewer has not given his readers an opportunity to judge for

themselves, we will supply the omission. By the returns under the last census, it appears that

					Cents.
7,500,000	have a daily income of	25	centimes, or		4 58
7,500,000	"	"	33	"	6 05
7,500,000	"	"	41	"	7 52
					18 15
					Average, cents, 6 05

Here are twenty-two and a half millions of people living upon six cents per day, giving thirty-six cents for the support of a family of six persons for a day—\$2 52 per week, or, \$131 04 per annum—in a country in which the usual average price of food is as high, and we believe higher, than in the United States.*

The reviewer expresses great approbation of the conduct of the French Government, by means of which it was enabled to come out of the wars of the revolution with a very small amount of debt. An examination of the causes by which it was enabled to do so, will enable us to determine why it is deemed by this *democratic* reviewer so worthy of applause. In 1719 the Government plundered the people by becoming bankrupt. It did the same at the revolution, when it permitted the assignats to become valueless in their hands. It robbed and plundered the people of Spain, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Holland and Russia, when it quartered its armies upon them, and levied contributions in money and provisions for the support of the war, and in pictures and statues for the gratification of the people of "our good city of Paris." *It made no debts because it took what it wanted and gave nothing in return.* It was a strong Government. It regulated the currency between the army and the people, to the aggrandizement of the first, and the ruin of the last, and therefore it merits and receives the approbation of men who, like our reviewer, would accumulate power in the hands of the Executive.

We were at first disposed to attribute all the erroneous views offered by this writer to the consideration of his readers, to a want of honesty, but are now more disposed to attribute it to the absence of any acquaintance with the principles of trade or of banking. He has collected a large quantity of *true and false* facts, and has put them

* The average price of wheat in Havre for the six years from 1829 to 1834 was 49 francs, or nearly ten dollars, per quarter, or about \$1 10 per bushel of 60 lbs.

together apparently without much regard to the effect they were calculated to produce, whether for or against his friends, and the consequence is, that his article is much more likely to establish a conviction of the danger of increasing the power of the Government over the currency, than of the propriety of yielding to it what has been so pertinaciously insisted upon. We would, therefore, recommend to our readers a careful perusal of it; but as many of them may not have leisure, or the opportunity, therefor, we offer a specimen of the arguments by which it is supposed the people are to be led to acquiesce in the system of sub-treasuries, receivers general, and government paper.

He shows that the *Government Bank of France* filled the country with paper money, the value of which depended upon the forced circulation given thereto by royal edicts, and that the *Government* compelled the people to receive its paper in exchange for the silver in their possession, which paper afterwards ceased to have any value. He shows the *British Government*, under Walpole, using its vast powers for the corruption of Parliament, wasting immense sums in the support of wars during his and succeeding administrations, for the benefit of themselves and their partisans, and taxing the people for their maintenance; and again, in 1793, declaring war against France for the purpose of preventing an increase in the power of the people at home, but he does not show the *Government* thereby producing ruin among the people who, as merchants, bankers, &c. were ruined by this interference with their private affairs. He shows the people, proprietors of the Bank of England and of the private banks, compelled by the enormous foreign expenditure of the *Government* to suspend payment, but he does not show those people soliciting the *Government* for permission to resume payment, nor does he state that permission was refused. He shows the *Government* ruining the people, growers of corn, by its interference with the trade of the United States. He shows the *Government* prohibiting the people from exchanging a guinea for more than twenty-one shillings in paper, when its intrinsic value was thirty shillings. He shows the *Government* prohibiting the bank from paying specie, and thus continuing the currency in a depreciated condition, while borrowing largely, and then restoring the currency and paying its debts in gold and silver, to the great injury of the people. He shows the *Government of Russia* filling the country with paper, the depreciation of which at length amounted to three-fourths, thereby imposing an enormous tax upon the people. In fact, he proves most satisfactorily, that the power granted to governments is almost always abused, and that the safety of the people requires that they should

grant them no more than is indispensably necessary for the maintenance of the security of persons and property. If he really intended to write as a friend, his party, the advocates of strong government, may well exclaim "save us from our friends, we will take care of our enemies."

It has been so uniformly the practice of governments to retain the control of the currency that, even of those who are friendly to the credit system, a large proportion cannot conceive of steadiness in the absence thereof. In favor of regulation there are, therefore, the advocates of executive power, like our *democratic* reviewer, and all those who are accustomed to think because it has existed, that its continuance must be necessary. A careful examination of the facts that we have submitted must, we think, satisfy them that it has been the cause of all the disorder, which disappears as the power begins to pass into the hands of the people. Even in the United States the legislatures have undertaken to prohibit individuals from furnishing currency, and most persons are disposed to attribute to those restrictions the absence of private notes, but nothing can be more erroneous. If A give to B five dollars, or five hundred dollars, in exchange for his promise to pay the same on demand, and if C take it in exchange for hats, and D again for shoes or coats, that note becomes currency. The right of an individual to issue such a note cannot be questioned, nor can the right of B C D E or F to receive it in payment for their commodities, nor can they be prevented from so doing by any law that can be framed. Why, then, are there no such notes? Because individuals are not generally known; because, from the desire to make large profits, they are liable to numerous accidents of trade; because, in case of death, the payment of their debts is liable to be postponed; because the people can obtain other notes issued by responsible bodies of men, whose capital is ascertained, and who lend out their capitals receiving only interest therefor, leaving to others to take the chances of profit or loss resulting from trade. These are the reasons why there can be no private circulation, even if all the laws restraining it be repealed. Let the Government acquire the desired control over the currency—let it prohibit banks from issuing notes, increasing the amount gradually from one to twenty, fifty, or a hundred dollars, and we shall see the notes of individuals taking the place of those of corporations. Few notes will circulate in our cities but those of wealthy individuals, who will enjoy a large income from the profits of circulation. Instead of those profits being divided among the widows and orphans, the sailors and laborers, and the depositors in the saving banks,

they will go to increase the incomes of the Astors and Girards of the day. The rich will be made richer and the poor poorer. Where such persons cannot be found, the people will be obliged to use those of merchants or private bankers, liable to all the accidents of trade. Insecurity will be increased. Of this we have evidence in the system of Great Britain. Until recently, no bank having more than six partners could issue notes, and the consequence was that the country was flooded with those of individuals engaged in speculations of all kinds, and liable to all the chances of trade; the result of which was loss and ruin to the holders of their engagements. In the three years 1814, 1815 and 1816, the failures of private banks averaged eighty in number. The repeal of the restrictions in relation to the country sixty-five miles out of London, has tended to give greater security, and bankruptcies have gradually diminished. The people now reject the notes of individuals, because they prefer those of joint-stock banks. The control still exercised by the Government, prevents the establishment of a good system, but with the constantly increasing power of the people it cannot be doubted that they will soon assume the management of their own affairs, and establish a sound and steady currency, in the advantages resulting from supplying which all will participate, as is now the case in New England.

In every country, with the increase of population and of capital, there is a constant increase in the productive power, attended by a constant improvement in the physical and moral condition of the people, and an increase in the confidence of man in his fellow man, giving rise to what is called "the credit system," or what may more properly be styled "the system of mutual confidence." In the United States we see the most rapid increase of population and of capital, the most rapid improvement in the condition of man, and the highest degree of reliance of men upon each other for the performance of their engagements. The owners of property part with it freely to the laborer, the mechanic, or the trader, who has occasion to use it, on receiving promise to return or to pay for it at a given time. The widow and the orphan, the sailor and the laborer, the merchant and the lawyer, unite their capitals and place them under the management of individuals to be applied to the manufacture of cloth—to the working of mines—to the pursuit of the whale—to the making of railroads or canals—or to the opening of shops at which capital is lent to the mechanic, the merchant, or the farmer. In every quarter exists that tendency to combined action which distinguishes a state of high civilization from one of barbarism. The consequence is a vast increase of the productive power,

and a vast power of accumulation, tending to further moral and physical improvement.

In countries that, like France, are constantly engaged in war, we find a very different state of things. There, one-half of the young men who attain maturity, and more than three-fourths of those who are not incapacitated by deformity, disease, or diminutive size, are annually drafted into the army to serve for six years, then to be discharged, destitute of skill and of capital, and with habits acquired in the barrack room. Taxation is enormous. Every article of consumption is subjected thereto, and every species of employment is liable to restriction and regulation. There is, consequently, a very slow increase of population and of capital, very slow improvement, either physical or moral, and men have little confidence in their fellow men. The owner of capital retains it in the form of gold or silver; or he purchases a small property upon which he may vegetate, or a single loom which he works in his garret. If he can obtain two or three looms, he employs men who are still poorer than himself, who must labor upon terms dictated by him. The principle of combined action is wanting.* The mechanic seeks in vain for the aid of capital. If he obtains it, the rate of interest is high in proportion to the very little confidence entertained by its owner.† The credit system has no existence. The productive power increases slowly, there is small power of accumulation, and very small power of further improvement.

The larger the amount of production the larger is the *proportion* of that produce which falls to the laborer, and the smaller the proportion retained by the owner of capital. When capital is scarce and production small, as in the earlier ages of society, the laborer yields to the land owner a large proportion of the corn that is raised; the owner of ships and of wagons takes a large proportion as freight; the owner

* In Lyons there is but a single large manufacturing establishment. In Lowell the little owner of capital unites with others similarly situated, and the whole of their looms are brought together in a single building in which *water or steam* power is applied to keep them in motion. In Lyons, on the contrary, each little capitalist, afraid to trust his fellow man, works by himself, and is therefore compelled to employ *human* power. If all the spindles and looms of Lowell were divided among the thousand small capitalists, owners of the stock of those banks by whose aid the manufactures of that town are carried on, each man would be obliged to find his own *power*, and the consequence would be that production would fall to one-third or less of what it now is. The principle of combination would be lost.

† M. Chevalier says that in France the workman of the towns, in his purchases, pays fifty per cent. and even one hundred per cent. per annum; that the peasant, in his dealings with the blacksmith, the tavern keeper, and the village shop keeper, pays sometimes one hundred per cent. per quarter; and that the mean rate of interest, in transactions of all descriptions, is at least fifteen to twenty or twenty-five per cent. Such is the state of things which the advocates of executive power, in their blind hostility to the existing system, would establish in the United States.

of looms takes a large proportion of the cloth produced ; and the trader takes a large proportion of the price of his goods as compensation for his trouble and for the use of his capital. In France capital is small, the principle of combined action scarcely exists, and the owner of capital applied to the improvement of land, or invested in machinery of any kind, takes a very large *proportion* of the product, leaving little for the labourer, while in the United States, where capital abounds, and where the advantage of combined action is fully understood, the owners of capital take a very small proportion, leaving a very large one to the laborer.*

When production is small, *the few* take a large proportion. They enjoy wealth and power. When it is large, *the many* take a large proportion. They acquire wealth and power, and thus we find, with the increase of production attendant upon a state of peace, a tendency to the constant increase of the popular power throughout Europe. The most efficient agent of production is that mutual confidence which tends to induce combined action, and to this increased habit of reliance of the people upon each other is to be attributed the increase of their political power.

A government that desires to increase its power at the expense of the people, must diminish production, and in no other way can that object be so effectually accomplished as by inspiring among them distrust of each other. The Federal Government, desirous to accomplish this object, has not failed to use the proper means therefor. *Divide et impera* has been its motto. For a series of years it has endeavored to excite in the mechanic and the laborer jealousy of all those who by industry and economy have accumulated capital, and doubts of the

* This statement is exactly in accordance with that of Mr. Carey, which the democratic reviewer professes to disbelieve. A very small degree of industry would have relieved him from any doubt on the subject. In Binney's second report is given evidence of a kind that would satisfy the most incredulous. It is there stated that "at Lyons the master weaver, who has three looms, is supposed to receive from the two which he does not himself work, about 900 francs per annum. His rental will be about 150 francs, and the cost of lodging his two companions 80 francs." [page 35.] The value of a loom is from one hundred to four hundred francs. [page 37.]—The average gain of a loom per day is estimated at three francs, making for the two about 1800 francs per annum, [p. 37.] one-half of which goes to the capitalist, in return for the use of two looms, the highest cost of which is 800 francs. If the reviewer have any further doubt we would refer him to a report of the prefect of the Department of the Seine in 1825, in which it is shown that in certain departments of manufacture the annual value of production, deducting the cost of raw material and expenses, is 6,670,000 francs, of which 2,786,000 are paid as wages, being less than one-half. If he will then go to the manufactures of Lowell, he will find the effect of large capital and combined action. Production is large, and the owners are content with 10 or 12 per cent. for the use of their capital, while a girl of 15 years of age earns more than in France is, among above 20 millions of people, the average obtained by the labour of a family of four persons.

integrity and of the solvency of those by whom it was employed, and of the institutions established for the purpose of enabling their fellow mechanics and laborers readily to obtain its aid. It commenced with the Bank of the United States, which was stigmatized as bankrupt. The President, in his annual messages, expressed doubts of its solvency, and committees of investigation were appointed. Their reports were unsatisfactory to the Administration, and new efforts were made to accomplish its ruin. Large demands of specie were made at remote points, at which it was unlikely to be prepared, but failure was again the result. The public deposits were then removed, and it was proclaimed that the Bank had been maintained by the Government, and must now, its main support being removed, become bankrupt. It was asserted that it could not stand six months. The State banks were then taken to the embrace of the Government, but at the first opportunity they were, in turn, discredited. They were stigmatized as rotten institutions, trading upon credit. Their notes were rejected by the President and his agents. The merchants were in their turn denounced. All that used their credit, it was said, ought to break. Having accomplished the downfall of all the banks, it was necessary to prevent them from resuming payment, and no effort was spared that seemed likely to aid the accomplishment of that object. Unfortunately, however, for the *few*, who enjoyed power and desired thus to increase it, the *many* had confidence in each other, and it was exhibited during the whole period in a manner wholly unexampled in any country. The banks gave time to the merchants, and the merchants did the same by each other. Every man took a share of the burthen, and it was rendered comparatively light. The whole Union, except the Government and its agents, acted almost as one man, and what has been the result? The banks have resumed, and the people have done the same, and the amount of loss is now found to be small to a degree that could never have been anticipated. Such are the effects of the confidence that proceeds from an improved moral condition resulting from the enjoyment of freedom and security. The same storm in France, Austria, or Russia, would have required a series of years to repair its ravages, whereas the people of the United States now start forth inspired by a higher degree of confidence in each other than existed at any time previously. They feel that they have power, and that they can control the Government. Although for a short time there was reason to apprehend that a fortunate soldier would have been enabled to trample upon their rights, yet their "sober second thought" which is "always efficient," has produced a reassertion of those rights, and will produce a

recognition of them. There is now no reason to doubt that they will retain all the power over the currency that has in time past been conceded to them nor can we reasonably doubt that the example of perfect freedom of banking, and the admission of the right of *the whole people* to furnish currency, set by New York, and practically by a large portion New England, will be followed throughout the Union. When that time shall arrive the advantages of the credit system will be enjoyed unalloyed by its present disadvantages, and men will look back with wonder that it should have so long escaped them that the laws of trade furnish much more efficient regulators of the currency than can be found in men, liable to be influenced by so many motives tending to produce unsteadiness of action.

[The following copy of verses is from the pen of a lady, who has not publicly entered the lists as a competitor for fame, or the poet's wreath. She writes for the amusement and delight of a private circle, who know her worth and are proud of her genius, and it is through the instrumentality of one of these that the first number of our Magazine is enriched with so exquisite a gem.

[The lines refer to the beautiful estate of Mrs. Cragie, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in the immediate vicinity of Harvard University, which was occupied by General Washington, when his head-quarters were at Cambridge, early in the Revolutionary war. By a singular coincidence, it was subsequently the residence of Jared Sparks, the celebrated biographer of Washington,—and, later still, that of the present distinguished Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Edward Everett. At present, Professor Longfellow, so deservedly celebrated in the literature of our country, is an inmate of the mansion, over which the venerable matron, already named, continues to preside, with the genuine hospitality of the olden time.]

Sweet spot! thou'rt hallowed in my view,
 For from life's freshest morn
 The springs of hope and mem'ry too,
 Their richest founts have drawn.
 Upon thy velvet covered lawn,
 In infant glee I played,
 And oft, in girlhood's early dawn,
 In sweeter sadness strayed.

For here the pride of womanhood,
 Found its first aliment,
 And dreams of hope, half understood,
 And waking visions blent.

Whilst to the eye of young romance
Came forth the shad'wy past,
He with the olive-circled lance,
And trumpet's thrilling blast.

In fancy floating on the breeze
That stirred thy tiny lake,
While martial bands beneath thy trees
The silence seemed to break.
Here Fame for him a chaplet wreathed,
Preserved on his'try's page,
Here to his annalist bequeathed
The laurels of our age.

Hither for learned leisure too
The poet-statesman came,
From hence the inspiration drew,
That touched his lips with flame.
Upon the past, the varied past,
What mingled mem'ries wait,
What lights and shadows overcast
Yon hospitable gate.

Here dwelt the blest, the sainted pair,
Twin brides! how brief the date
Since lovely in your lives ye were,
Nor could death separate.
United in affection's glow,
And in maternal love,
How soon from Paradise below,
Ye passed to one above.

Here later on the stream of time,
Dwells he whose classic care,
Transplanted to his native clime
Sweet flowers from *Outre mer*.
And here still lives the best of friends
"The lady of the land,"
With each and all her image blends
Its welcome kind and bland.

Sweet spot! still fresh and undecayed,
Thy beauties cannot wane,
The future in the past portrayed,
May yet new honors gain.
To coming years, and other days,
Still may thy name go down,
And other minstrels sing in lays,
More worthy its renown.

SCENIC AND CHARACTERISTIC OUTLINES OF CONGRESS.*

No. I.

Eloquence—Sculpture in the Capitol—An Incident—The Senate Chamber—A Passage at Arms—The Vice-President—Daniel Webster—Congressional Antithesis—Hon. Hugh S. Legare of South Carolina, the Student Politician.

Eloquence is the medium through which genius and learning more strikingly impart their deep communings to the heart and ear. It is indeed an art of a character exquisitely perfect, and more thoroughly allied to nature than any other agent of intellectual power. Judging from its effects, we think it can be safely ranked among the first moral attributes of man. It is the mighty mean by which the mass is enkindled to deeds of heroic revolution, or soothed to forbearance in the first glorious outbreak from bondage into the ripe and effulgent noon of freedom. The elements with which it accomplishes its purposes are rare in their construction—the marvellous enthusiasm of the speaker is carried to the hearts of his auditors—at one moment the eyes are kindling with fire, at another melting with pity. It is the moral magic of the human tongue, whispering to the soul and radiating every interstice of that seat of feeling with its vivifying rays. It is the poetry of the mind and heart made evident to the commonest of mankind. The harp, in the days of chivalry, sounding amid the soft blandishments of knightly love, the libation of wine, and the jar of arms, usurped the sway of eloquence, and the tingling wire with the bard's enthusiasm, kindled those festive assemblies to all the wild emotions incident to an ardent and vivid age. The minstrelsy of the old bardic tribes performed the historic part of a patriotic and brilliant eloquence, and while recording the deeds of heroes, it served as the instrument to convey the rude impromptu effusions of the poet. Sounding along the front ranks of an army, while the banners "flouted the pale blue skies," it cast a spell over the warrior's heart and nerved him to deeds worthy of the inspiring song.

* In a Government administered as ours is, through the means of elected agents, it is desirable that the people, spread over a territory so great in extent, should be brought face to face with the Representatives of the different sections, and we have determined to give, in every number, sketches of the members of the American Congress, interspersed with parliamentary anecdotes, and a description of scenes, as they occur, in the Halls of the National Legislature. It is necessary to add, that those herewith given were published some short time since in a local paper, the circulation of which, not extending far beyond the limits of this city, will not have made them known to the public generally. We republish them here, somewhat altered, in order that the series may not be interrupted, and as the gentleman from whose pen we have these, is engaged to continue them for us.

But music only for a time held dominion over the peculiar province of the orator. Its numbers were confused and sometimes unintelligible—it accomplished every thing, but paused at the threshold of instruction. The philosophy of the bard was wild, sparkling, and transient; the deed of one chief was forgotten in the more deadly combat of another—trophies thrown around the instrument of song waked its melody to continued novelties, and the fingers that swept the chords stopped not to teach the people lessons of wisdom and religion. Every thing was swept along by the impulse of the wildering strain. The voice of the minstrel, and the heroic or amorous symphony of his graceful harp broke forth like the music of syrens, amid the voluptuous and martial musings of the time. Knights spurred on to the tournament, where love reigned mistress of the lists; or dashed their steeds upon the battle-field, where victory or death paraded with their nodding plumes. When chivalry, in all its exterior glory and interior charm, faded away—not when the “Dauphiness of France” sunk behind the horizon, but at a much earlier day—and the stern assembling of men commenced to form constitutions for the people, and crowns for the ambitious few, then the music of the harp was hushed, and the voice of the statesman, clothed with wisdom, was poured upon the ear of men with a new and startling power. We speak now of the eloquence of comparatively modern times, not referring to those ancient and splendid epochs when Athens and Rome, the one from her single hill, the other from its seven, held joint empire over mind and matter, and eloquence and poetry, music and sculpture, each speaking to the senses, commanded, what was joyfully conceded, the worship of the cloud-enveloped nations. Subsequent to, and at the period of, forming the English magna charta, the tide of manly and stirring elocution commenced its flow—onward and onward its mellow waves were borne, surging on the vast shores of the human mind, and bearing on its surface the flashings of every faculty to which man is incident; until, in later days, elevated on its waves we find a Pitt, a Burke and Sheridan, those master spirits, controlling the ebbing and flooding of the passions of man. On their shoulders had fallen the mantle of Demosthenes and Cicero, and to them was given the power to sway the judgment and enchant the heart.

The eloquence of an eloquent man is the harp-music of the soul. Who that has listened to those gifted in voice and mind, descanting on some grand absorbing topic, but has held his breath, lest the smallest word should pass beyond his yearning sense; how the pulses quicken, how the whole nervous system is agitated and attuned to

the nicest sensibility : a fever seems to overcome us, and we would permit the crowd in our rear to rush over us like the Juggernaut of the Indian, so that we might be permitted, in our dying agonies, to catch the melodious voice and inspired language of the orator.

Do we paint too vividly for this age of hissing steamboats and rumbling rail cars? To those who may favor these pages with a perusal, and who live beyond the convenient chance of paying a visit to Washington, and who have been accustomed to view eloquence merely in the abstract, never having seen it embodied, save in some county court lawyer in the vicinage, perhaps all our enthusiasm may be placed to the account of "small change;" but we can assure them that there is no influence so overcoming, so all-mastering, as that of language.

Having never been in England, we are of course incapable of introducing comparisons between English orators and our own. We have never heard Lord Brougham, that wild and daring genius, soar in his philosophical, political flights; nor O'Connell, the child of Erin and of agitation, who poured the lava of his burning heart so copiously on the heads of the thousands at Glasgow, that they would have made an arch of triumph for him with their dissevered arms; nor Shiel, whose kindled eye is said to be so full of thought, nor Lyndhurst, that first great man of the British realm:—but we have been where genius was prompting her sons to great and masterly efforts. We have stood, by the hour, when we wished every true lover of eloquence could have been with us, and heard glorious pictures drawn of power, States, and of Government. In a country like our own, so overrun and trodden down by newspapers that go forth from the little sanctums of the press-rooms, to cut the Delphic to gaping eyes; we need not say that we allude to the American Congress as the scene of all this elocution; for those papers have all and each, directly or indirectly, pointed, at one time or another, to the Capitol as the arena where great men fight their battles, and where principles greater than empires are the subject of combat.

Our object is to give a sketch of Congress as it is—its members, and their manners; but we must be pardoned if we travel a little out of the record to a point of time removed some years back. We refer to the great South Carolina debate which took place in the Senate Chamber upon the Tariff question of 1833. We were in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost frenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Daniel Webster. When we entered the Hall, General Hayne was speaking;

he was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of the middle stature and well made. He was speaking energetically—his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between the desks with a rapid and agitated step; his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the Chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then Vice-President, was in the chair, with his large, steady, and vigilant eyes witnessing the first great battle of his doctrine; he seemed the very spirit of embodied interest—not a word, not a gesture of General Hayne escaped his lion look. The Senate was deeply interested, as a matter of course. The language of General Hayne was rich and vigorous; and his powerful sketch of the effect of the Impost Law on the South—the description he gave of her people—his own bold and hazardous elocution and impetuous bearing, were evidently making a strong impression on the body. From time to time attention would be directed from him to the gentleman who was expected to answer him, and whom General Hayne attacked under cover of a terrible and galling fire.

Cold, serene, dark, and melancholy, that man, thus assailed, sat apart, bleak and frowning as a mountain rock; he evidently felt the gigantic influences that were at work around him, but his profound mind was strengthening itself for the contest. And how deeply solemn was that hour, that moment—how grand that scene, and what were the meditations and spirit-rallyings of that dark man? His countenance wavered not during the whole of that tremendous speech; assault after assault was made upon him, but yet he neither turned to the right nor left, but calmly and gallantly, like a soldier waiting the signal, he 'bided his hour. That time of retaliation came swift as the thoughts of vengeance to Daniel Webster. Who will forget the exordium of that remarkable effort—the lashing sarcasm—the withering tones of that voice, and the temper of his language? General Hayne (we remember distinctly) changed color, and appeared much disconcerted; but who that heard him will permit the perroration to be forgotten—those closing passages of grandeur, that majestic allusion to the flag of freedom and his country? Looking, with his dark and lustrous eye, through the glass dome of the Chamber, over which he could see that banner flowing, he delivered an apostrophe which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. It composed a figure of the most thrilling interest—a burst of solemn and pathetic feeling;

and, coming from such a source, (a man generally esteemed phlegmatic,) it was electric. It was like the beam of sunset, or the gleam of summer lightning, radiating the brow of the cliff to which we have above alluded.

But those scenes are past, and the country has had the benefit of those speeches; but the memory of them, and the incidents that attended them, are forcibly impressed upon our mind.

We shall not feel ourselves bound to linger in either branch of the National Legislature for any length of time, but pass from one to the other, as the fancy may suit us.

We will take the reader with us and discourse as we pass through the Rotunda on our way to the Senate.

We step by a soda fountain* in the vestibule leading from the exterior lobby of the House, where the members and strangers can be seen in groupes, making wry faces, as they gulph down the effervescent water. Passing then through a tall door, we pause in the Rotunda to look around us. To an untravelled eye the scene is imposing. The room is immense, but in perfect proportion. Its colossal dome seems to pierce the very clouds, and the panelling is beautifully executed. In the centre of the hall stands Levy's celebrated statue, in bronze, of Thomas Jefferson. Near the base of the statue is a man with a long red nose, and grey eye, and a pair of green spectacles, rocking a giant in an easy chair. This is a patent, and placed there to catch the admiration of boys, and take the members and messengers from their business. The back of the chair has struck against the base of Jefferson, and the poor man of the long nose is shuffling about to see that all is safe. At a few steps distance, is a tall wooden machine, with a leather coffin strapped to it, and harness dangling about it in all the grace of tannery, and brilliancy of iron buckles. This is a great invention to bear away from battle the wounded soldiers. Covered with blue cloth, blue as the Heavens or the sea, and studded with gold, effulgent as the gilded draperies of the couch of the sleeping sun, with an eagle proudly lifting himself on his expanding wings—lo! a patent steam bath! It smells wonderfully of brimstone, and a worthy man is showing its advantages. In another section sits a man weaving stockings, and the eye turns from the homely instrument of comfort to Doughty's picture of the Rhine's Sources,† placed over the head of the stocking manufacturer. Rail cars clatter along inclined planes in this hall, steamboats throb and pant, ploughs look sulky, and reaping hooks

* This part of the sketch was written during the Extra Session.

† Since removed to grace the walls of a Southern gentleman.

and scythes, and spinning jennies, and silk aprons, and, to crown all, like the bones of the mammoth straddling over the pigmy proportions of the other animals in a stuffed museum, behold the giant cart and harrow! There stands the huge machine bristling with its innumerable teeth, uncouth and unmannerly in such a place.* The next thing to be brought and placed in the Rotunda, will be a carriage and patented horses, and a full rigged frigate. It is idle and ridiculous that these odious and huckstering tricks should be tolerated by the Speaker of the House. The beautiful floor of the Rotunda will be broken to pieces with these enormous machines; carts, wagons, harrows, and field-pieces of every description, up to a thirty-nine-pounder, will batter to pieces the finest masonry in the world, and then the taste of the thing; the Rotunda was made for other purposes than a toy shop. It is not an accredited wing of the Patent Office, nor is it a magnetizing apartment. The great wonder in our mind is, that it has not been offered to the great menagerie, where Jack, the monkey, might ride round the statue of Jefferson, and the dwarf poney kick up his heels at the members of the American Congress. To preserve the building in all its fairness and excellence, for it is, after all that has been said upon the subject, a very well arranged edifice, strict rules and exclusive laws should be enforced against these curiosity venders and "dealers in the temple."

We cannot pass from the Rotunda without a glance or two at the carvings in the panels of the walls.

Imbued with the spirit of a classical discovery, the author of Smith and Pocahontas has delineated the Indians of America with fine Grecian features. It is not the first dim glimmering of a profound and wonderful era in the history of mankind. Who knows but that the sagacious carver in stone had some strong hold upon the ancient books, by which he traced back the lineage of Powhatan to Theseus? Certain it is, there is not a trace of the true Indian in the whole piece, and we hope that the crumbling nature of the freestone will permit this work of art to go into decay.

If Greece was thought of by him, who made Powhatan's family groupe, the genius who executed Penn and the Indians, was surely dreaming of all the fat majesty of Holland. Penn is fat; the Indians are fatter than Penn, and the chickens or doves perched in the tree are fatter than the Indians, and the leaves are fatter than the birds, and as the printer would say, the whole piece is fat.

* We are glad to observe a change in the Rotunda. Those vast machines, alluded to by our correspondent, no longer shock the taste by their presence, and the grand hall is left alone to its glory.

The landing of Plymouth should have been done by a master. The Indian on the rock looks as if he was a giant extending a year of corn to the pilgrims. We are not sure, but the impression is on our mind that this is false to history, and to produce a picture on such a subject, the sculptor had no right to falsify that interesting and profound occasion. The pilgrims landed and found corn buried in the sand in baskets, the Indians having fled. Pull the whole affair down, and in its stead carve some beautiful monument worthy of that event; and for mercy's sake let directions be given to the artist not to make the Indian an idiot, at least in appearance.

Directly over the door, through which we passed into the hall, is the sculptural representation of the celebrated Boon killing an Indian. One Indian already lies beneath the feet of the combatants, and the grim smile of a painful death is well preserved by the artist. The Indian in the act of applying his broad axe or tomahawk, we are not certain which, is an outrageous distortion—a lay figure on the rack for the student of anatomy.

The figure of Boone is well executed—the resolute countenance of the hero, with his woodland costume, are in keeping with his well-known character.

We remember a scene which once occurred beneath this picture, and which we will gossip over ere we take a seat in the Senate gallery. The Winnebago Indians, many years ago, paid a visit to Washington. They were a remarkably wild and fine looking tribe, perfectly uncivilized. Their war dresses were magnificent, and the paint was laid an inch deep upon their great broad faces.

We were standing in the rotunda when a groupe of these Indian chiefs took their station before the representation in stone we have last described. They formed a semicircle in front of it, and examined it intently. One of the braves stepped from the line, and approached the death scene. His silver bells rang, and the long bear skin moccasins brushed over the floor. He drew his blanket across his shoulders, and stood in a proud and lofty attitude. Suddenly he gave a yell of anger and revenge, and darted through the rotunda, followed by his whole party. We thought that we had heard their battle cry, and almost instinctively felt for our scalp. Whether that yell was in anger or admiration, and we think it was the first, it was a barbaric compliment paid to the artist for the truth and force of his performance. It was worth a volume of erudite criticism.

Stumbling on our way, through one or two miserably dark passages, the Senate Chamber is at length reached. It is small in comparison

with the House of Representatives. The ceiling is stuccoed, and the dome of glass is consecrated, in our minds, by that beautiful allusion of Mr. Webster, to which we have hastily referred. The ladies' gallery, for even grave Senators cannot do without their cheering presence, the only kind of *cheering* permitted in our National Councils, runs around the half-moon of the hall, and is supported by light bronze pillars. Beneath this gallery are sofas for wearied members, who take advantage of the inviting cushions, and lounge in true North American elegance. At the northern and southern private entrances, two large mahogany prison houses may be seen, with three or four curious looking gentlemen in each, who are incessantly engaged in business hours with writing out speeches or letters for distant political papers. These gentlemen are the speech reporters and writers of letters, a tribe of individuals famous in this country, and who are forming to themselves an independent literature, adapted to haste, and totally free from responsibility. An honorable Senator, who wanted to vent his spite against a certain member of the honorable fraternity of scribes, upon one occasion lately, approached the desk, and in a *sotto voce*, said: "You look like a prisoner in the box." "Yes," replied the witty and unabashed reporter, "and if I was, you should not sit as juryman upon my trial." The Senator took a pinch of snuff, and dodged behind the Vice-President's chair, cut to the very quick. The reporter gravely went on with an abusive letter he had been writing, enjoying the satisfaction of having said a good thing, and entirely regardless of the powerful enemy he had made. There he sits, free and democratic, in the broadest acceptance of the term, tolerated by those high-spirited representatives, and by the Vice President of a great nation; not because they respect in the least, those humble reporters, but because they, too, are the representatives on that floor of a higher power than any there. They are the delegates from the great body of the press—a bold, dauntless, and irresponsible press—the engine that commands respect and instils fear. The reporters are calm amid the wildest and most furious scenes, because they are the champions of the people, and of the people's palladium, as the press has been styled.

The Vice-President's chair is plain and unostentatious; a gilded eagle at the apex of the stoop, clutches the crimson drapery in his talons, and thence it flows down in graceful festoons. Over the chair is the rude and awkward gallery for the gentlemen, or the people in general; and here, boldly presented to the gaze of all, is Peale's celebrated likeness of Pater Patriæ. Its huge size and massive frame are directly in the way, and entirely out of keeping with the great original,

who never stood in the way of the people. Here the absurd taste of some official drapery hanger has placed the likeness precisely where the large crowds in the male gallery cannot see it, and where it closes out an entire view of the floor. It was much better where it was formerly, at the south end of the gallery. As it is, many are the patriotic citizens who are half induced to curse the picture, merely on account of its situation. For the sake of George Washington's modesty, if not for the people, remove it, and let it be an ornament, and a household god, rather than a nuisance.

Fronting the Vice-President, like a venerable family, meeting around the old chair of the Chief, sit the Representatives of the States, each at his desk, and at his ease in his sleep-seducing chair. The Senators are placed generally without reference to their politics, though even now the English habit of addressing the administration or opposition benches, is gaining ground. They sit without their hats.

Reclining at his ease, lo! RICHARD M. JOHNSON, Vice President of the United States! Is he natural in that place? See how he shuffles in his chair, how he longs for the quiet and comparatively humble seat in the lower house, where, in easier and more unambitious days, Tecumseh-Killer rejoiced to sit from the first dawn of the business hour until late at night. Then he took his head from his desk but seldom, for he had worlds of letters to write—letters to frank, and demands for loans to answer with checks enclosed—a right liberal hearted man is *our* Richard the First.

Col. Johnson is a man with no depth of mind, no profundity—or in other words, no beauty of thought—no bold conception of principles as applicable to facts. He is a business man—a kind of busy speculator in lands, &c., at which he is said to be an adept, but his genius never soars above the hillock of a prairie, and is bounded by lines run by a surveyor for a county. He is an amiable man, with a kind face, and a plain, blunt, rough manner. In person he is about six feet—light hair, exceedingly bushy, and with eyes blue but heavy. He limps in his gait, and we are inclined to suppose that he was hurt by a fall from a horse, though his friends say it was done in battle. He is brave, but not wise—liberal, but not magnanimous—patriotic but for his party, else he never would have sat on that high chair, wielding through his popular name, his grand proportion of the destiny of this country, without speaking out his real, genuine, honest convictions. He would not degrade that holy place, if he loved his country more than he feared the scourge of party. Colonel Johnson is well known here to be opposed to some of the leading measures of the Administration. The Colonel

had too much western land sense not to see how ruinous to his speculative dreams and airy castles would be the Circular and the Sub-Treasury, and he did all he could do, but secretly, to break down the hobby of the party, and turn aside the stream of ruin and desolation. In this weakness, this horrible and unpatriotic weakness, Col. Johnson is to be pitied. With his name, high and strong, he could have rallied the western Party States against the Administration, and marching to the tops of the Alleghanies, could have blown a blast that would have checked and awed the miserable runners that infested the purlieus of the White Palace. Meanly, (we will not seek for harsher epithets,) Col. Johnson bowed his head, spake not to the powers that he could have called into the field, and, unlike the goose of Roman story, he did not even *hiss* the enemy who marched against the Capitol. Can Colonel Johnson have ever that thing called a worldly conscience? Can he have that watch of justice in his bosom, and sit before the wise men of America, before the people of that country, and smile when Cæsar grasps at royalty? Can he turn towards Benton, that bad and wicked politician, and smile when he smiles, and frown when he frowns. Can he hear Wright of New York, that calm and cool manœuvrer, utter sentiments of horror, without calling him to order for outraging the place consecrated to moral justice and human liberty? But every body says the Colonel is a good man, a right clever fellow, and possibly it may be expending thunder to talk so seriously of him—howbeit we are of the opinion that we are strictly right in so speaking. We are not triflers with puppets—Col. Johnson is not the figure of Punch that every editorial showman may serve up to the amusement of a democratic audience. We are Republicans—strong, nervous (in feeling) and devoted Republicans. We think the honor of the country is entrusted to the keeping, in a great measure, of our public men, and wo to liberty, if they are first false to private rectitude, and then traitors to the honor and principles of their country.

We will return to the personalities and peculiarities of the Colonel, with the belief that a description of him will amuse some good loco-foco, who may sneak out of Tammany to read this sketch.

He dresses exactly as Frances Wright would love to see him dress. Plain—fitless—all in a bunch—strapless, (we heard a young lady say, some time back, that she would not marry a man who went without straps to his unwhisperables)—brushless and bootless. An old cap drawn over his brows—an old coat drawn over his back—and old vest, and so forth, drawn over the residue, and Jefferson boots, (worn from principle, because he has staked his *sole* on the Jeffersonian creed,) pre-

sent a picture of as much sublimity as could well be worshipped by the ten tribes of Fanny Wrightism or Silas Wrightism, which we take for granted is an *ism* of the same family, politically married, being the honorable Silas and the excellent Frances,—(New York their residence.)

In putting the question to the Senate, the Colonel rises from his chair, as if loth to leave its warmth, and looking at Col. Benton, (the force of military sympathy,) he says: "Those who are of the opinion that this bill, &c., should pass, please to say Aye!" Here he scrapes his finger over the table, as if to mark down what he had said, and then giving the Golden Calf another stare, he exclaims, "Those Senators who are of a different opinion will say No!" Then the Colonel resumes his uneasy seat, as if every inch of his cushion was of burning iron.

He keeps house in Washington, on the Capitol Hill, and is the very beau ideal of hospitality. One or two members with their families live with him. To sum up all in a few words, Col. Johnson of Kentucky, the gentleman who has had a pyramid of gratitude raised to him for—killing an Indian, is a loco-foco in practice, but a Whig in principle—Vice-President of the—Van Buren party, and a good hearted, easy, good-natured non-combatant.

He is elevated some feet above the level of the floor, and from his position can command a ready view of the Body. With a small ivory stamp he calls the Senate to order, when the Clerk proceeds to read over the deliberations of the last sitting.

I have described Mr. Webster in part, and would it not be well to attempt his likeness more in detail? The powerful display he has made both in the Senate of the United States and at the bar of the Supreme Court, together with various other incidents and accidents of his life, have placed him high among the ranks of American statesmen and orators.

Picture to yourself, then, my good reader, if the power to conjure up the bodies of the mighty living be upon you, a rather robust man entering the Chamber by the western door. His hat is drawn over his brows, and there is an air of individuality about him that is almost repulsive. He stalks along with a firm and heavy tread, and slightly returns the nods of those who greet his entrance. His hair is black as the raven's wing. His eyes are black, and there is a dark shade around them which gives them a gloomy and fearful expression. You gaze into them when their glances are abstracted, and you involuntarily shudder at their strange and mysterious intelligence. The forehead is

remarkable. You follow its bold curve almost with fear and trembling. The mouth is peculiar; and in debate we have often fancied that we could see it curve and part like an Indian's bow—scornful and murderous, withering and disdainful.

Mr. Webster dresses well, almost richly, but he seems to take no note of his clothes, though we have never inclined to the common belief that indifference to dress was a *sure* indication of genius, whatever it may be of a lack of wardrobe.

In ordinary debate Mr. Webster is calm and collected; every word is articulated with emphasis, and some of them are curiously pronounced; for instance, the word "*individual*." He rolls it out, "*individooal*." We do not like his pronunciation, though we have no doubt it is according to the true New England standard. His great fault as a popular orator, it strikes us, would be his inability to rouse himself hastily; he takes too long to melt—to pour his soul forth in the sounding strains of eloquence; but as a sound Parliamentary debater, his collectedness gives him immense advantage. It is his armor of proof—no weapon can penetrate it, but every arrow (as he told General Hayne) "rebounds from his bosom harmless and impotent."

He seems to back his feelings to the very heart, that the mind alone and unclouded, may shine upon his subject; but when, after some moments have elapsed, and he has become excited by his theme, beware the lightning and the thunderbolt. We should judge him to be a man of ardent and absorbing enthusiasm; but he forces the fire to slumber away down in the crater, while all above is cold, snow-girt and serene. He would make a splendid tragedian. We say it not in disparagement. But that brilliant and fearful eye—that deep guttural voice, and those dark locks, would bend a theatre to its very tears. Then and there he could give vent to the wild and thrilling emotions that can but throng within him—and Daniel Webster, a tragedian, might rival Daniel Webster a statesman!

In debate he is remarkable for his readiness at repartee, and occasionally indulges in a vein of pleasantry, which reminds the imaginative spectator of Jove playing with little eagles.

Leaving the Senate Chamber for a few moments, we will bear the reader to a scene so singular that we know he will pardon us when we let him into its history.

Several years ago there was a ball given at Carusi's saloon, in honor of some great occasion—the 22d of February, we believe, and a splendid supper was spread in the lower hall of the Assembly House.

Seated at the head of one of the tables was a gentleman of great legal eminence, who received an intoxicated insult from a stranger. In a moment the offended gentleman shivered a heavy cut decanter over the head of the inebriate, which gashed his forehead severely. The blood ran in black and heavy drops from the wound, and the man fell back, as we thought, dead, in the arms of his friends. The scene was changed immediately—the laugh and toast were hushed, and violent and deadly denunciations heard among the crowd. We happened to turn our eyes towards the main entrance, and they fell upon an object which shall not easily pass away from our minds.

Livid, as a corse, stood Daniel Webster on the step descending from the door. He had delivered a speech at a public dinner at Fuller's Hotel, and had just entered, holding a glass of wine in his hand. We were struck with his singular aspect—never before had we imagined such an eye—so pale, yet composed a face. Was it the sight of blood that thus affected him? But so it was, he stood amid all the confusion and uproar, rigid as a statue, while the bumper which he held in his hand did not vibrate the variation of a hair.

We had seen Mr. Webster in other scenes—in the Senate Chamber—when the battle was raging around him. We had seen him proudly, almost disdainfully advance to the combat, and had watched his demeanor; but his remarkable countenance had never worn the weird expression that it did upon this occasion. It haunts us to this hour, and as we write by our midnight lamp we gather our breath quickly, lest that countenance should be glaring by our side.

We will turn now, erratick like, to the lower House.

How we do love the Hall of Representatives. It is the place of all others on this continent. There is nothing to equal it, here, or elsewhere. How turbulent, like a foaming ocean—how calm, like a hill-o'ershadowed lake—how mean, like a flock of frightened sparrows—how sublime, like a mighty army of oaks, pointing, like the finger of destiny, with their branches to Heaven. Verily it can be compared to anything, yet nothing is like it. So wild—so tame—so wicked—so virtuous—so ridiculous—so wise. It is a rare hall, and often and often do we half close our eyes and gaze over the hundred heads that grow upon the eclipsed vision, like so many giants. How various the countenances—how wonderfully exemplified the genius of the Omnipotent. There are no two faces alike—none that approach a similarity—all different, various, unique, and singular; and all are men of sense; for how could forty odd thousand freemen, exercising the deliberation incident to our form of government—a deliberation and a judgment

springing from the interest of all, in the weal of the whole—send a ninny to Congress?

We have already hinted our intention to alternate between the Senate Chamber and the House of Representatives; and on this occasion we have forborne the pleasure of depicting Mr. CLAY, in order to lounge with our old friends, the members of the Lower House; and we will attempt to sketch you a gentleman who has just arisen to address the Chair. We hear the loungers ask who is he? We see that the members near us, pause in their common-placeisms, to listen to the stranger. We see afar off, away over the Hall, a number of heads spring up—and great eyes, fixed and brilliant, stare over the assembly.

The reporters all seize their pens, and the honorable speaker turns in his morocco chair to catch a full view of the ample and intellectual face. In the gallery there is quite a sensation. Necks are stretched over, and fingers pointed, and ladies are whispering to their beaux, and beaux are simpering to the fair ones. There is a general sensation throughout the lobbies—the members—the galleries—and even we, accustomed as we are to all manner of eloquence, feel quite a tumult within us. And we are right glad that admiration opens a path to a man so gifted as LEGARE, of South Carolina. It is not for us to moralize. We travel at too rapid a pace for that; jumping from desk to desk, we gaze up into each member's face—scribble away—turn our ear to catch the sound of his voice—clothe it in ink, and immortalize it on paper—setting it to music in these, the Outlines—that is our business. We dare not soar into the higher regions of philosophy, though we long to say, that all this admiration—this hush over the multitude of men and women—springs from the literary character of LEGARE; from his high-wrought and able reviews—for whilst in Charleston, South Carolina, he gave his genius and his heart to the great Review of the South. In the annals of forensic politics, his name is not conspicuous. He has never, until now, thundered as a popular Representative—visible to the mass—tangible to the grasp of every stranger; but heretofore he has been a student, poring over the iron-clasped and the spider-sanctified tomes; pondering on the past to enlighten the present; giving forth, through the agency of the mute, but omnipotent Press, his views on all subjects; and treating everything with vigor, originality and taste. He has travelled much in foreign climes, whence, doubtless, he has gathered food for his deep fancies—sights for his picturesque pen—towers and mouldering forts upon the famous Rhine, for his love of liberty to strengthen herself

with; and he has returned to his native land, imbued over again with a love of her institutions, and ready, when the occasion calls him forth, to bare his good right arm for the domestic peace and tranquility of the nation.

In person Mr. LEGARE is not tall; but he is stout, his shoulders exhibiting signs of strength; his head is remarkably large; his brows projecting; his eye proud, but not everbearing; his mouth large, eloquent and singular; the under-lip projecting in such a way as to give him a stern, but not unpleasant appearance; it is rather the sternness of thought, than the sulkiness of a haughty man.

He dresses well, and is very neat in his personal habiliments; a little lame with all. He is so curious in his physical conformation, that we are almost afraid to go on; for, though we feel nothing but respect for him, yet we are afraid that our readers would accuse us of caricaturing. Mr. LEGARE is striking in his appearance; there is an air of originality about him that makes you turn in the street to watch his retiring figure. His short stature—his broad shoulders—his high-heeled and highly polished boots—and then his bold, undaunted look, mark him as a man in a thousand. In debate Mr. LEGARE is animated to the full extent of the word; he leans over his desk; he moves his brows—his eyes wave about—his figure expands—he rises to the topmost height of the imagination—and with a rapid and hawk-like flight, he sweeps to objects of minor importance, but german to his topic. His voice is *sui generis*—strong, and almost harsh—full-toned and dramatic. Sometimes he flies over the heads of his discourse, gathering strength and beauty as he goes, and anon he settles upon a bold and commanding point, and spins round and round in fanciful but vivifying buoyancy.

His order of mind is picturesque and general. He loves the wide and wierd fields of human speculation. From the closet he has emerged upon a busy, mechanical, stern, and muscular age, wrapt in his own peculiar and individual mantle. He has been a moral speculator among books, led on from dream to dream—from majesty to majesty—until he deems the world one widespread and glorious surface, wherein are reflected the stars of poetry, of beauty, and of grandeur. There is nothing rough and unpliant in his intellect; but there is that which, like the mechanism of the rocket, throws far over the heads of all, his brilliant shafts of rhetoric and eloquence.

Mr. LEGARE can never be a useful man to the physical condition of the mass, in a direct and immediate manner. He cannot dive at once into the wants of the millioned multitude, but he is calculated to shine

in the higher walks of literature, imparting a healthful tone to letters, and awakening and chastening, crushing and creating the energies of thought, the daring flight of the ambitious mind. As yet, we do not think that Mr. LEGARE has given a full sample of his power in the Hall. His speech at the extra session was brilliant and highwrought, and evidenced the thoughtful composer, more than it did the political thinker. It seemed like a review uttered by a reviewer; but Mr. LEGARE is young in politics. It is a hardened and ungrateful task for a man who has wielded the editorial pen of one of the most spirited and able reviews in this country, to throw aside that peaceful pen—to forget his familiar ink—the sanctity of his closet—its peace—its melodious silence—and rush forth into the battle burst of political opinion—but yet, with his honesty and his ability, he will do good service to the cause of the people. He can generalize in a peculiarly forcible manner, and his opinions may become the texts of other and more practical men.

We have alluded to his connexion with the Southern Review. For many years he labored in that great vineyard of letters, with his intellect ever bright and vigilant. Frequently the publisher would enter his study with fear and anxiety depicted on his countenance, and implore Mr. LEGARE to furnish him matter for the Review, declaring that he had been disappointed in some other contributor, and that the work would not be forthcoming, if so many pages were not filled up. The publisher always left him satisfied that the desired work would be accomplished, and Mr. LEGARE ever proved faithful to his need.

Glancing around his library, he would take down any work—Plato, Aristotle, Livy, Cicero—any thing—Greek, Latin, French, Spanish or Italian; and the midnight hour would find him pouring forth one of those brilliant sketches that so adorned the pages of the Review and modelled it into a standard of literature. But we must hasten to others who demand our attention. We have sketched Mr. LEGARE at length, because he is, to our mind, pure and untainted—a high-souled scholar, if not able to lay claim to the title of a cunning politician.

It so happened that in an evil hour Charleston has been unfaithful to her distinguished son. An edict was issued prior to the late election, from the *uninterfering* Administration, to its liege subjects in that venerable and gallant city, and a whisper of proscription was heard along her streets and by-ways. Legare was to be sacrificed to the wrath of party—to the unadulterated democracy of the Simon Pure Administration, and all, forsooth, because he was an independent man,

because he opposed the Sub-Treasury, that direful and extraordinary mean of wasting the public treasure.

The case of Mr. Legare presents a singular subject for reflection ; it is vividly illustrative of the false pretensions of the Administration to the high title of Democratic, or lover of the people, or believer in the peoples' intelligence—forty-odd thousand rational men, men who can read, write, eat and drink, who gloried in their superior intelligence, in former times, are upon the eve of electing an honest and able gentleman to represent their wishes in the National Councils. They had gathered together for that republican purpose ; suddenly, however, a messenger arrives in hot haste from Washington ; he is stamped with all the authenticity of despotism ; he reeks from the blessings and benedictions of the Express Post Office, and he unfurls to the republicans of Charleston, the edict of power : "Legare must not be returned to Congress ; he is no longer a bounden-slave to our will ; he is a conservative—crush him now and forever !" Oh horror of horrors ! The republican ranks of old Charleston heard the order, and Legare was left out, and we, and all others who love high-souled men, and hate despotism, are left to mourn his loss, and take warning from his sacrifice.

TO ———.

Yon evening star, so purely bright,
That beams upon the brow of night,
Is to my fancy like thy face,
Shining in pure and endless grace.

Thy beauty's star that seems to be
The beacon of my destiny !
And o'er life's ocean let it shine
As now, less earthly than divine !

No matter how the surging tide
Rolls in its anger wild and wide ;
No matter how the howling gale
Will burst the shroud or swell the sail ;

For thou on ocean's wave will be
A star of hope and joy to me,
And steering by thy constant mind,
Life's bark a home of joy shall find.

Calm be thy brightness—pure thy home,
To light thy lover's path of foam,
And may it in its beauty be
My beacon to eternity !

[The following original Stanzas, characterized by the highest poetic qualities of language, taste, sentiment and imagery, are from the pen of an author already favorably known to the public, and who has in press, nearly ready for publication, a volume of poems, from which these lines are extracted, and to which we shall take an early occasion to refer more at length when it appears.]

TO ———.

BY GEORGE LUNT,

My being bows to thee,
My spirit knows the sign,
The star that rules thy destiny
Is a mightier star than mine;
At morning and by night,
Have I followed its clear light,
And I feel the sure control
Of the spell upon my soul.

Thy beauty is a thing,
To gaze at from afar;
A bird upon its heavenward wing,
The lustre of a star:
Yet in dreams of my unrest
Do I fold thee on my breast,
And start from troubled sleep
To watch and pray and weep.

I mingle with the gay,
They court me with their wiles,—
But coldly do I turn away
From beauty's richest smiles;
For thou art on my sight,
A vision of delight,
Ever living all apart,
Like a thought upon my heart.

I mingle in the dance,
I join the festal throng,
But little heed the mazy trance,
Or list the mellow song;
For thou art ever near,
And thy voice upon my ear,
Dwells like a spirit tone,
Which will be heard alone.

Then urge no more the dream,
That paints my bosom free;
Show never more by fancy's gleam,
The impossible to be:
For oh, thou wast and art,
The madness of my heart,—
With my life and with my mind,
With my very being twined.

No. I.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOVE AT THE SHRINES," &c.

Amid a thousand joys lived Frederick Van Arteldi, son of a distinguished German scholar. His days were spent in intellectual pursuits, his nights in far travelling beneath the mighty forest that spread itself near his paternal roof. Beautiful in person, and endowed with the highest qualities of genius, Frederick lived the idol of his father and the admiration of his friends. His eyes were those eloquent eyes that might move an Athenian populace by a flash, his forehead shone like a lofty star, and his mouth was wreathed with captivating smiles. His voice was sweet and deep, and his figure was symmetry itself. Who could look upon and listen to the gifted youth and withhold their friendship? Interesting from his own character, he was almost hallowed by the fame of his distinguished father. All Europe had heard his parent's name, and the plaudits of distant countries sounded softly and soothingly to his ears. Wherever Frederick moved, respect, mingled with love, made life a transport, existence a bliss.

Frederick studied deeply the lore of his mystic father-land, and he drank, with a vivid enthusiasm, of those dark fountains that well up amid haunted castles and sombre woods; and in the falling or the fixed stars he fancied he could read prophecies of himself and others. Shut up in the old tower, in which was his father's library, he peopled the air with phantoms, and threw a hideous yet glorious halo around life, by evoking the mightiness of the tomb.

He read from old tomes that were gray with melancholy age, and his eyes poured over the cabalistic manuscript of pens that had long since withered, and whose ink was dim and shadowy, like the memory of good deeds.

Ere he came into the extraordinary tutelage of his father, of which we shall hereafter speak, the black forest was his home—the rolling waters also, where the river in its majestic flow heaved and poured along—there he erected his shrine of adoration, and nature the mysterious, was the enchantress of his Ideal.

Thus passed the uncollegiate days of Frederick, for his father, too deeply read in the lives of German students, kept his son at home, and taught him himself. He was a stern preceptor. To him the hey-day

of youth had long since passed ; those days crowned with roses, and the poet, and the man of many passions had sobered down into the curter of the temper, a wise and ascetic philosopher.

From him came the light and the darkness that filled the mind of his son with hopes as high as the mountains, and despondencies and doubts deep as the oershadowed and unfathomable abyss that lies between them. He saw the wild genius that dazzled among the architectural beauties of his son's mind, and in the true spirit of German speculation, he determined to build up in his offspring a being wholly contemplative. Vain desire, horrible ambition ! to give to a mortal the means of rushing forth with unbounded intellectual gifts to affright society, and bewilder mankind with the unearthly spectacle of a man born of woman without a *human wish* ! Such was the dream of the German enthusiast—the dream of that aged sage, who had himself spread glory over his country, and filled all hearts with wonder and admiration.

His son responded to the wishes of his father, he felt the tremendous emotions of the Pythoness, and he watched in the cave of his own mind, for the stars and the other planets that were to give him light amid his gloom. Thus passed away the hours of his fresh youth—thus in dreamy mists and almost sepulchral metaphysics, arose his moon of manhood. How profound the thought in that old man's mind to rear amid the whirlwind a lamp that should burn and brighten unfed by earthly fuel !

The seasons rose and fell like the waves of many seas, and amid the flowers of passionate Germany came inspiration to the heart and promptings to the mind. The winter had passed away ; that season which had inured amid barbaric woods the bold warriors that, in other days, mounted the tall walls of Rome, and thence looking over the mother-city, doomed her to the sacrifice. Spring had come. The rivers had been loosened from their gelid sleep, and leapt once more to the green banks, breaking their white waves into a thousand pearls, and scattering them amid the golden sands. Old Germany in the Spring ! The trees put out their buds and leaves, the hedges donn'd their emeralds and pearls, and fresh uprising to the morn the birds of the intellectual land poured rapture in the clouds. In Germany, venerable for its ghastly and wild memories, for its winters of dark and melancholy bondage, for its aristocratic grandeur and its popular degradation Spring is a mighty season. Then comes forth the mind of her cabalistic children, girt with unutterable wisdom, like Moses descending from the thunders of Sinai.

An emotion, one and individual rules the land, the emotion of poetry. It is the god of the spring of the German year.

Sitting in his lonely tower one evening amid his books, Frederick, with a pale face and flashing eye, looked forth upon the melodious face of nature. He threw back the clustering ringlets from his brow, and throwing down his book, he communed aloud :

"Have you come back again to our fields, to fill our quick hearts with passion, and throw into our veins the sap of animal nature?—Have you burst, Venus-like, from the bosom of the deep wombs of the earth, to scatter the softened perfumes amid the flowers—those poisoners of thought—would that nought but winter was mistress of the German climate, then the same cold that inured the conquerors of Rome, might, in these days of mental light, bind up our natures in the iron armour of a proud and selfish inhumanity."

He leant his beautiful and sculptural head upon his hand, and gazed through the glass upon the bespangled skies. The air of night was unfelt by him, and he was languid from the confinement he had undergone. He rose and opened the casement—oh how his heart expanded as it felt the fragrant current of the outer life rushing to its recesses—he threw his ringlets back again, he pressed his hands against his temples, and closing his eyes, he drew his breath and inspired the balmy breath of the glorious night—was it his first draught of nature? For a moment his stern course of study was forgotten—the injunction of his father lost in the contemplation of the lands, the stars, and the beauty of the perfumed night, and when the moon had flashed over the loftiest summit of the hills, while the waters beamed back her rays, Frederick stood at his window, and the ancient clock in the castle tolled one, ere he sought his rest.

A new creation had dawned upon his mind, rather upon his heart. With the enthusiasm of the German character, he had devoted himself to the philosophy of his father with a self-devotion that bordered on the sublime, he gave up the glory of his youth and merged it in the profound misanthropy of the intellectual hermit. He was the proud student, goaded by an unconquerable ambition to outstrip the myriads of others who, spread over that remarkable country, were dreaming of improvements in the human system. He was to bound forth Minerva-like, armed for the fearful combat. With lance and buckler cemented to his heart, he was to walk the world the ghost of the sensations. In his twentieth year, on that night, a new mantle had fallen around his heart, and thus another woof of the human feelings

was to be eradicated ere the moral ossification could take place. The breath of an hour had dispelled the marble battlements reared by his father; a breath of a bud had charmed away the shadows of despair, and given in their stead the first emotions of a new inspiration—it had breathed poetry into a German soul.

Frederick still walked his usual rounds; he looked over his accustomed books, and he felt no abatement of the dark delight with which he had formerly perused them. But he looked more upon the earth—he walked abroad, not to contemplate the cold stars, as a dreamer, but as a profound worshipper. He began gradually to disrobe himself of the shackles of a remorseless education, and he breathed freer, and holier, and was happier.

There lived in his neighborhood a solitary man with an only daughter. Frederick had heard that she was beautiful, but coupled with that intelligence, he heard that she was beloved; as the gentle bird that pauses in its ocean flight upon a rock, so came the news of beauty and of love to the heart of Frederick. He heard it, and the next moment he saw his father's figure approach; that grand and lordly brow was dark with thought—he was the embodiment of mortal grandeur, for his firm limbs were elegant, and o'er his temples rolled his hair in curls dark as night. He was a man famous amid his own and other tongues. Frederick was inspired. He saw the genius of his life, and he bowed as the idol passed—he thought no more of woman.

We have said that he walked abroad into the forest, and as he threaded the rich avenues of its woods, he felt the same sensations that had filled his heart, when he drank in the odour of the purple night. As he crushed a flower, its rich perfume would softly spread itself upon the air, and he inhaled the "*poison of his thoughts*." With his head erect, and his hands clasped behind him, he would walk slowly along the vista, and while his eye kindled at the magnificence of nature, his heart admitted her as the true divinity.

A being is in sight—he starts! Is it one of the phantoms of the Rhine? Is it one of those olden spirits of beauty that walk the earth when in its spring, to cull the invisible moats of gold that float the impalpable air? Is it some spectre of the tomb—some spirit of dust that has broken the barrier of its immortality, and risen from the sod? It approaches—it stands before him. Its hair is rich as the golden sunbeam—its face, pale as the marble, is beautiful as an angels. Its eyes are beaming like two stars, and its lips are opened like the leaves of a parted rose. It speaks—Frederick catches the sound as it

comes with a delicious melody to his ear; his senses reel; the pyramid of his education is uprooted by the delirious throb, and to woman, as to a spirit, he bows the inmost iron of his heart. He could not speak—he could scarce breathe; and when she passed up the long avenue, receding from him, he caught her smile as she turned to wave her hand, and he staggered and fell back against a tree.

Ah, extacy of bliss! the bonds are broken, the scales have fallen from his eyes. He studies no more the ancient tomes of his father's library; he reads no longer from the soul-stealing volumes that had girt his nature with bonds of adamant. He shuns his father; he buries himself amid the embowered trees; he watches the lake and the young streams that spring gladly towards its tranquil waters; he feeds upon the sunny air of day, and the dreamy zephyrs of the night; he loves the phantoms of the woods, and Frederick is a changed man.

It is the Solitary's daughter who had wrought this change. It is her of whom he had heard, but whom he knew not. Could he meet her once more? Oh could he but gaze upon that young and transcendent brow, and kiss the air that had encompassed her form—could he but see the pressure of her tiny foot upon the leaves—could he but find it on the sands of the lake shores. He visited the spot where he had first seen her—he stood where he had stood when first she flashed upon his vision—he heard, in fancy, the few words of salutation, the womanly remark upon the season; and his memory, true to the strong dictates of affection, drew her glowing features upon the vacant air. But she came no more. That vision of unequal loveliness had passed away far beyond the enchanted limits of the woods. It had fled the lake shore, and the student wandered and sought in vain for her who had thus evoked the nature of his life into activity.

His father missed him from his books—his eyes darkened, and he felt that the plan of his philosophy was now at the crisis. The trial was at hand. Now he was to mould the temper of his son into the iron, or the soul, acting according to the dictates of its instincts, was to totter the prison-structure into atoms, and bear away the palm from the stern philosopher.

Frederick is once more reduced to the dungeon-library—he pores with vacant eye upon the page—he turns the leaves slowly—his long black hair is unremoved from the printed pages—he cares not whether it shadows truths that may lead him to the gates of paradise, or the portals of hell. The tear wells slowly to his eye—it trickles down his cheek—he clasps his hands like a dying man, and with a heaving sob

he falls back into his chair. The lamp grows dim; its flickering light throws shadows far and near upon the tapestry; not a sound issues along that solemn house, when suddenly he hears his father's foot upon the steps. He rises again to his book; he turns his lamp, which now throws forth a gilding halo, and he stoops his beating temples over the mystic page. His father enters. He sits opposite to his son, a proud yet melancholy smile plays upon his face, and he takes a volume from the shelf. Late do they read, or only one, for that young heart is busy with other things. His eighteen summered heart is with other spirits than of the past. His eyes are fixed on the confused book, but they see other objects than what are written there. Love triumphant over ambition, and Despair, monarch of the moment, are busy at his bewildered speculations. The hours glide on apace—his father throws down his book, and with a stately step, like a warrior, leaves the room. Frederick is free once more. He opens the window—he scans the sleeping landscape, tower and tree, woodland and lawn, are steeped in the beautiful but saddening shade. Echo floats along catching the distant bay of the watch-dog, and multiplying those mysterious sounds that float upward from the dreamy earth, like its prayer to God.

Weeks have flown by, and still the vision of that beautiful girl haunts the memory of the student. His cheeks have grown paler, and his dress is neglected. He mutters in his waking moments, and in his sleep he speaks of the unknown in terms of passionate love.

In a high ancestral hall, sit two persons—the one is of great age, and dressed in black velvet; a lamp is placed on an ebony table by his side, while a being of exquisite beauty reads aloud from a heavily bound book of poems to him. It is a volume of Frederic's fathers poetry, and while she reads the tears flow from her eyes. The picture is beautiful—the old man sitting in that ancient hall, with armour hanging from the walls, the helmets and breast plates, and swords and spears, of his warrior race, and his daughter reading the verse-commemoration of their glory.

A stranger enters—he is young, and of a pale complexion. In stature he is tall and elegantly proportioned; his movements are graceful, and as he enters he pauses upon the threshold to examine the scene before him. His eyes are on the female—they melt with love and admiration. He moves slowly towards her—he places his hand upon the book—he kneels to her. She rises, her face flushed, and her whole action agitated and alarmed, but no sound escapes her lips, while her

ancient father, unconscious of the strangers presence, sits with his eyes fixed upon a plumed helmet, while his heart teems with the trophied recollections of other days. She looks wildly at the intruder; he speaks not, but gently drawing her hand in his he points to the door. She gazes in his face, but hesitates not, for in that countenance how much of honor, of love, of beauty, does she not see. They leave the venerable man, mingling the present with the past, and as they depart they turn and see him kissing the helmet in which his father had breathed his last on the field of battle.

Beneath the moon and the silent stars the two communed. The hours of the night fled by, and there they stood, gazing intently from each other's faces to the skies. The youth spoke long and earnestly, he told the maiden of his history, while she listened with a face vivid with interest. She had heard of him—had seen him—she had thought often of him, and wondered who he was. He had excited in her a desire to know how one so young and fair, had lived within that region without having become acquainted at her father's house. She spoke of her father and he of his. Hers lived upon the unfaded memories of the departed, while his built the castles of his ambition upon the vast limits of the mind peopled future. They spoke of themselves, and of their own feelings and sentiments. They walked amid the silent night, as if they had sported in childhood amid these scenes, such confidence does innocence create, and when he led her back to her father's house they stood at the portal to take farewell. His polished brow bore no mark of care—his eye flamed with no harrowing doubts—peace reigned within his nature, and glory and love painted the skies of deeper hue, that the earth might receive their more resplendent shadows. She waved her hand in the shades of the portico, and disappeared. Gone—gone—the enchantress, but not forever. That ancient father of hers, when she entered, had not missed her, and his white locks were mixed with the plumage of the helmet, which he had taken from the wall and placed upon the table, and near which he now rested his sleeping head.

Frederick once more was in the library. His temples throb, his pulses beat, and his heart is wild with the intoxicating sensations of his new and only passion. Pale as death he sits in his accustomed chair, and awaits the approach of his father. It was not long before the German mystic appeared. His step was rapid and his countenance flushed and excited.

"You study no more Frederick," he said, as he stood before the

young man, and fixed his strong eyes upon his face. "You are not sick and yet you look pale; why throw down your books and your ambition that would have hewn down mountains, and made you the conqueror of your own heart? But you have time to wander away from the shrine where you should worship; you ponder upon something that even now feeds upon your life. What ails you of late? speak!" The old man drew himself up to his full height, and his face assumed a cold and angry expression. Frederick arose from his chair and stood with his head bowed upon his bosom—those glorious ringlets waved like rich drapery o'er his delicately chiselled head, while his father regarded him with a harsh and forbidding eye.

The youth raised his head and looked his father in the face; the tears stood in his eyes, and his lips in vain essayed to utter his words. "Speak, fool!" cried his father abruptly, "Speak! what ails thee?" Frederick gasped for breath; old memories of his father's sternness passed rapidly over his mind, and he trembled when he heard that harsh voice ringing in his ears. He placed one hand upon his father's breast, and with the other pointed out over the distant woods. The father's eye followed the gesture, and then turned to his son with surprise and anger.

No answering look came from the marble countenance of the youth. His eyes were closed and he stood like a statue, cold and motionless. The old man was enraged—he grasped his son by the throat—he shook him fiercely—the whirlwind of his long smothered passion had broken out—his eyes flashed, and his powerful arm smote his son upon the forehead. A groan and a heavy fall, and Frederick's senses fled, and stupefaction followed. The old man rushed from the room raving with passion. He had been trifled with by his child—his wild and daring schemes of philosophy had been baulked, and where he had expected to find the adamant, he had discovered the burning lava. A servant entering afterwards found his young master stretched upon the floor, and taking him in his arms laid him on his bed.

Could that stern old mystic have seen the boy's young heart, and known the being that had elevated it from stupor into love, could he have soared back on the wings of his own early feelings, to the sympathies of earlier nature, and left the dark abodes of an educated contempt of the emotions, he would have bathed the sufferer's aching head in tears, and moaned the misery he had inflicted. But it was not so. Haughty, fierce, and unfeeling, the German author stood aloof, he visited his son's room no more; he enquired not after his health, and devoting himself to his fearful studies, he tried to forget the bonds that nature had imposed upon him.

The curtains are drawn around his bed, and a dimmed lamp burns steadily in the hearth; not a whisper breaks the solemn silence of the apartment, save the faint murmurs issuing from the bed. An old servant sits by the pillow and watches with a moistened eye the form that lies before him. It is Frederick. From the night of his fearful interview with his father, he had not arisen; a sickness of the mind had fallen upon him, and day after day he grew worse and worse. No pain of body shook his frame, no fever, no chill, but still he faded away, and in silence and in awe he seemed to be gliding gently down to the melancholy grave. Tumultuous causes had reduced him thus. His father's conduct so strange, so sudden, had smote him to the heart, while a deep and absorbing passion preyed upon his mind. He had seen that idol of his thoughts, and had parted without breathing in her ear the story of his love. Why had he not seized the favorable opportunity, when, so like a knight of old romance, he had entered her father's house, and borne her forth into the silent groves. But he had seen and looked into her eyes and seen them play and beam. He had basked in their radiance, and felt the enchantment of her celestial presence. As he contrasted the gentleness, the confidence, the beauty, and feminineness of her character with the cold and ghastly lineaments of his father's nature, his senses became darkened, and in his delirium he called upon her name—he spoke his love, his endless, his consuming passion.

The faithful sentinel of his bed, the old servant, heard the ravings of his young master with astonishment; he pondered what course to pursue; to tell his master, would not answer; to call him in, would be but to make him witness of a weakness he could not pardon, and in the midst of his dilemma, he resolved to acquaint the recluse and his daughter with the whole matter. To determine was to perform. Calling up his wife to sit by the bed side of the young man, he wends his way to the dwelling of the solitary. The daughter is the first to hear the story; she acquaints her father with the history, and they take their steps accordingly.

That young girl had parted with Frederick with feelings new and interesting; never had she seen a face so perfect, nor listened to music like his voice. She had seen other youths, but none had ever touched her heart, though many had loved her, and until she saw Frederick her mind was free as the zephyr and undisturbed as its mysterious sigh. When she met him for the first time in the woods, she was struck with the sadness of his countenance, and that youthful but majestic face

floated constantly before her. Whichsoever way she turned she saw those eloquent eyes looking so tenderly and inquiringly into hers, that her heart fluttered, and then stood still, like the young bird essaying its flight. His glowing language, so full of poetry, and chivalry, and high toned sentiment, as she listened to him on that strange interview, struck her with no less force than his personal beauty. A sentiment of love and admiration spelled itself over her heart, but its temper was delicate and refined, and she saw him in her mind's eye, but as some bright visitant from the realms of bliss—sweet sympathy of the young; redolent of affection that should not fade, but that like the mute stars that see the seasons come and go in regular succession, should watch over the changing vicissitudes of life, yet see the heart still firm and faithful to its early vows.

In the eastern wing of the mystic castle strange visitors have arrived. They came in the early twilight and are now in the room of the invalid; they are the recluse neighbor and his daughter. She is bending over the pillow of the young student, and she parts the hair from his lofty brow. She smooths the coverlid and draws the curtains close around the sufferer's bed, her gentle eyes meet his, and years of devotion could not have wrought such intensity of gratitude as did that single look in the bosom of the youth. The room is just light enough for him to see her fairy form hovering beside him, to catch the motion of her eyes, and languid as he was he put forward his hand and pressed hers in thankful joy. His was a strange disease, the preying of a morbid sensitiveness upon a frame uninured to the shocks of life; his feelings had been outraged by the conduct of a harsh father, and superadded to which was the extraordinary revulsion of sensation incident to the novel burst of the affections upon the cold region of his mystical studies. It was a glorious scene, that bed-room then. The old man sat apart watching with veneration the form of his child as it hovered over the couch of the guiltless victim of her charms.

The sun had set, and the air of the night waved upwards from the forest, and filled the apartment with a bracing atmosphere. Around that gloomy house broke no sound, and all was still as if the velvet trees were dead even to the organ-like music of the winds.

How eloquent is silence to the heart. Far along the impalpable air, is seen by the dreaming mind, the shades of other scenes. It is the only hour when the metaphysical organs can speak and find their element. The harsh accents of the mind are calmed in weariness, and

up in the heavens, and down upon the earth, floats the drowsy spirit that charms the physical nature to repose, while buoyantly the soul plumes its unmeasured aspirations and floats to the regions where imagination endowed with form and fancy, takes the semblance of reality. Silence is the inspiration as it is the music of the spirit.

Thus thought the languid student as he lay with his head raised and his hand clasped by Gertrude, and his eye wandering upon the old scenes stretching over the distant hills and the extensive forests. Through the medium of his sufferings came the spirit of consolation. While he lay in this ecstatic state of mind, conscious of the happiness derived from her presence, and revelling upon the calm brought to his mind by the contemplation of the slumbering face of nature, a distant and confused sound rings along the passages leading to his chamber. It approaches nearer. It is his father's voice in debate with the old nurse. "I will enter; what, keep me from the boy? is he not my child, the flower of my life? what care I who they may be that are with him?—back serf, I will enter!"

The door was flung open, and pale and agitated the scholar enters. At first he does not perceive that any one is in the room, but advances quickly towards his son's bed. It is Gertrude whom he meets there, but whom, in the gloom, he cannot distinguish, and throwing himself upon his knees by the side of the bed, he seized his son's hand, and bathing it in tears, poured forth a strain of agony, seemingly doubly violent as coming from such a breast; whatever of pride that had formerly made the scholar so austere, now disappeared. He no longer felt the force of prejudice and education, but there, in that solemn hour, he yielded his whole soul to parental love, and begged forgiveness of his child.

The recluse was the first to help him from his kneeling posture. The scholar noticed him not, but continued to kiss his son's hand.

The lamp that had been dimmed and shaded behind a screen, is now brightened, and its light is diffused throughout the chamber.

The scholar and recluse stand confronting each other. Both of lofty statue, yet vastly different in appearance. The recluse appears to be much older than the scholar, but in fact he is not. Disease had done its work upon him, and his long white hair was more the result of bodily suffering than the frost of age. The scholar's face was moulded as if in steel—beautiful and sublime; and now as he stood gazing at the venerable stranger, he seemed more like a warrior of former days, questioning some necromancer or saintly sage.

"Roderick Van Arteldi!" exclaimed the recluse; "Philip, Baron of Osburg!" cried the scholar, and they clasped each other in their arms. In years long since departed they had been scholars together, had parted on their different paths of life. The loss of a beloved wife reduced the Baron to the verge of phrenzy, and with his only child, the image of that wife, he had buried himself in seclusion. The scholar had stemmed the tide of popular commotion; had been banished in early life for having killed a nobleman in a duel; had returned at the expiration of his term of banishment to his native land, loaded with the wisdom of many climes, and had illumined the world from the hermit-like seclusion of his castle. They had not met before.

Gertrude is soon in the arms of Arteldi, and long and affectionately the parties communed that night, and when the Baron and his daughter were about to depart the scholar insisted upon their remaining, and the next morning the young student left his room, and leaning upon his father's arm, he accompanied his friends to the villa of the Baron.

But little is now left for us to relate. The reader already knows the sequel.

By the glare of torches, to the sound of delicious music, when the moon was dim but yet beamed forth the stars, a large party had assembled beneath the grove in front of the Baron's mansion. This was several months after the occurrences that took place in the sick chamber. Before an altar raised on the soft turf and entwined with flowers stood two beings young and beautiful. Their hands are joined together. Three other figures stand near the altar; the one the priest, the others the fathers of the twain.

A strain of melody breathes over the scene, how soft, how gentle, scarce whispering to the ear, yet sounding like a harp to the heart.

The priest raises his hands, he blesses the bride and the bridegroom, and Frederick and Gertrude are united. Then Love is triumphant over Philosophy, and bliss derived from the affections, is more natural than peace begotten by education.

STANZAS.

Not yet the yoke we scorn and hate,
 Which grovelling bondmen basely wear,
 Not yet we feel that iron weight
 Our spirits might not brook to bear;
 And still our souls are something free,
 And round the bright and laughing earth
 Our eyes may proudly glance, and see
 Some record of our ancient birth.

The wintry path, the midnight flood,
 The hill-top where of old they bled,—
 The fields that reeked with precious blood,
 In many a fiery battle shed;—
 And home and temple,—all that stirr'd
 Our fathers' hearts,—all memory
 Which makes their fame a holy word,
 All, all are here,—but what are we!

Were we not called the great and free,
 In memory of a nobler day?
 And shall we bend the servile knee
 Before this thing of brass and clay?
 Forgot the deeds of former fame,—
 Forgot the glorious hopes of yore,
 And sinking down to endless shame
 The proud, bright names our fathers bore!

And is their mighty spirit gone,
 That broke of old the tyrant's will;
 That lightened over Lexington,
 And thundered upon Bunker hill?
 And shall we weigh our country's wrongs
 Against a doting despot's breath,
 And celebrate in venal songs,
 This Dagon of a senseless faith?

Forbid it Heaven! forbid it all
 True hearts that scorn the life of slaves!
 Sooner than chains our necks should gall
 Midst our great fathers' verdant graves,—
 I'd rather be the meanest craven
 That crawls on old Oppression's sod,
 Than underneath my own bright heaven
 Lose the free heritage of God!